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DAVID BAILEY

COVER: In America, a delicious belted midicoat for evening, by Norell—brown velvet, collared and cuffed in bleached white mink with bands of mink halfway up the skirt. At Bonwit Teller; I. Magnin. Van Cleef & Arpels earrings. . . . Little bit of day glow for an evening face—Estée Lauder's Fresh Air Make-up: Sunrise Beige foundation, Morning Glow Tint for the cheeks, and Pink Lights Tender Lip Tint on the mouth. Cover coiffure by Franklyn Welsh.

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PHILLIPE VENET goes wild in Jungle Borg of modacrylic. Tames it down with a belt and border of textured vinyl. Imported from France. $300. Coats & Suits on Three.

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The Valentino season

begins with a coat from his signature collection designed in Italy. This, exclusively Lord & Taylor's, is in a rich, pale Anglo Fabrics wool— significant—and fabulous!

Third Floor, Lord & Taylor

Phil Mazzurco



BORG creates a beautiful beast. Man-made Nongeo™ pelts in a majestic coat from our exclusive Lanvin Boutique collection at Lenox Square, Atlanta, 285.00.

Perfection, no less in a ribbed pure wool knit. About $100. B. Altman & Co., Garfinckel's, J. L. Hudson, Bullock's all stores.



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with the look
of 9mm Pearls
200 Pearls $5.00
500 Pearls $10.00
500 Pearls, Refillable
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Eau de Cologne
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4 oz. $7.00

Perfume with Atomizer
¼ oz. $9.00 ½ oz. $17.50
1 oz. $30.00

Perfume in
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Atomizer
¼ oz. $12.50

Eau de Toilette
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2 oz. $6.50

Eau de Cologne
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24 $3.50

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When other young men were playing tic-tac-toe, he was chalking up new ideas in pants. That's the dedication to bottoms that leads to the top. Hence, the chalk-pattern pants (about $25)—midi tunic (about $40) with shirt (about $16). All created for **THE TREVIRA® ERA.** Washable doubleknits of 100% Trevira polyester.

Jack Winter, Inc., 1411 Broadway, New York, New York.

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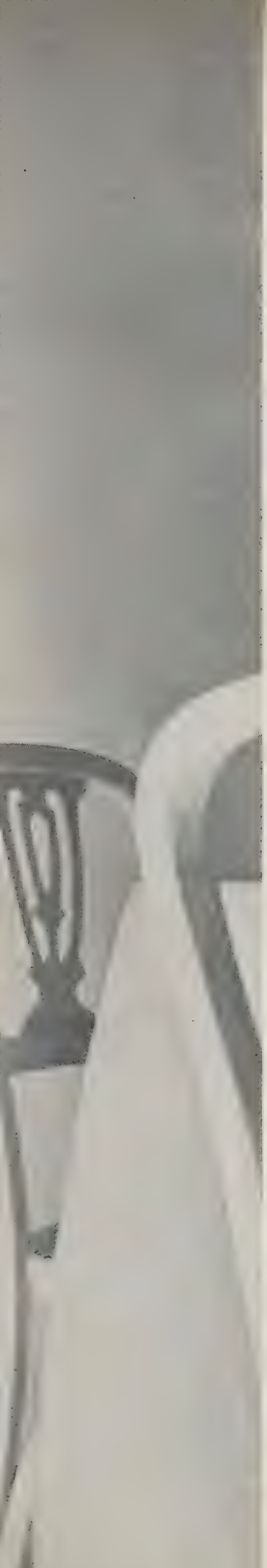


PURE WOOL

Delectable dressing for town and country, reflecting The American Way With Wool, in a navy wrapped coat with red bullseye pocket and fitted bell slacks. All by **Jacques Tiffeau** made in the smooth elegance of Stevens *Worumbo*® Left Bank™ wool melton.
At Burdine's, Filene's, Hutzler's, Gus Mayer, Rich's, Rike's and Shillito's. For other stores see page 28.

Feast on the richness of American Gourmet Wools by Stevens





American Gourmet Wools by Stevens, the taste sensation of the new season.

Rich, creamy haute cuisine wools by Stevens *Forstmann*® and Stevens *Worumbo*® are the essential ingredients in this delicious fashion cookery. Done to perfection by a group of leading American designers, The American Way With Wool, the Stevens fabrics range from the buttery velours of Worumbo Coachman cloth to the new bulky ribbed knit from Forstmann. They include all the fascinating new looks; the new proportions, the new variety and the new moods for town and country. Each one has its own special flavour plus all the virtues of pure wool—its softness, its depth of color, its shape retention. And each one proudly wears the Woolmark label, your assurance of quality-tested products made of the world's best... pure wool. Savour for yourself these fine fashions at the outstanding stores listed on each page and on page 28. Bon Appétit.

Two views of the midi. The sashed coat with pants by **Ginini** enriched by Stevens *Worumbo* Coachman cloth.

Cobra trimmed grey heather coat in the new Stevens *Forstmann* bulky Cordova™ knit. By **Ginala.**

All at The Blum Store, Garfinckel's, Lord & Taylor, and Neiman-Marcus.

PURE WOOL ®

The American Way With Wool

Everyone's cup of tea, the new costume classics in fabrics by Stevens.



White coat, right, with matching weskit and button-front skirt, all leather bound in camel. Also in black or red with black leather trim. By **Dia Diodato** in Stevens *Worumbo*® Coachman cloth.

Natty double-breasted Chesterfield, far right, by **Adolphe Zelinka** in black, red or taupe. In the melting smoothness of Stevens *Worumbo* Left Bank™ melton.

PURE WOOL®

Soft shirt-sleeved coat dress in Stevens *Forstmann*® worsted crepe, the fabric with the silky drape. In taupe, dusty rose and beige, a **Harve Benard** design.

All at Carson Pirie Scott, L. L. Berger, Kaufmann's (Pittsburgh) and stores listed on page 28.

The American Way With Wool

Seasoned with variety, three ways to coat in fabrics by Stevens.



One, to the ankle. Navy frog closing in burgundy coat by **Modelia.** In Stevens *Forstmann*® Fabulaine®, a luxuriously full-bodied broadcloth.

Two, to belt. Lizard belted coat in black or brown by **Zelinka Matlick,** in crisp Stevens *Forstmann* Graniteen® worsted crepe.

Three, to wrap. Cardigan coat, cuffed pants and crepe shirt in dusty pink or blue by **Project II** in elegant Stevens *Forstmann* worsted crepe.

All at Dayton's, B. Forman, Higbee's, Hudson's, I. Magnin, Nordstrom Best (Portland) and other stores listed on page 28.

PURE WOOL®

The American Way With Wool



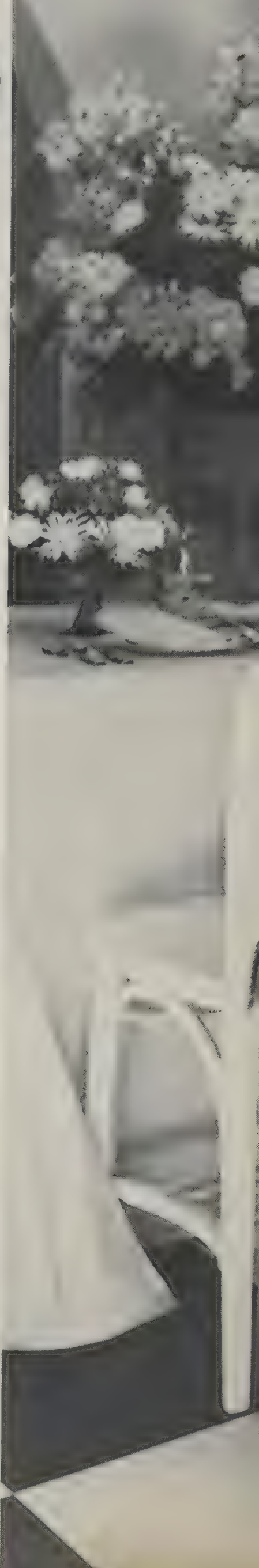
The Spice of Drama in fabrics by Stevens

Far right, wrap-belted midi coat by **Luba for Elite** with curly lamb spilling over cuffs, collar, hem. In Stevens *Worumbo*® Left Bank™ melton, in black, plum, putty.

Near right, lavished with raccoon collar and border, wrapped and belted coat by **Golet** in Stevens *Forstmann*® Fabulaine® broadcloth. Taupe. black and red.

PURE WOOL®





Left, **Calvin Klein's** fling of cape with matching pants, studded with nail heads lighting up the smooth surface of Stevens *Worumbo* Left Bank. In black only with bone stock tie shirt.

All at L. S. Ayres, Harzfeld's, Neusteters, Stix, Baer & Fuller and stores listed on page 28.

The American Way With Wool





The American Gourmet Wools Collection by Stevens

Fashions selected by The Wool Bureau, Inc.,
and the American Wool Council
in J. P. Stevens fabrics.

PURE WOOL®



Dia Diodato

Coat $185
Weskit and skirt $125

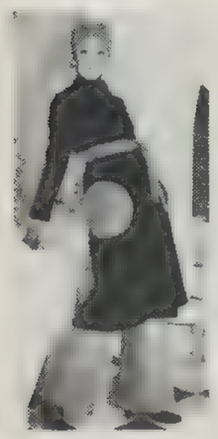
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Buffalo .....L. L. Berger
Chicago .....Carson Pirie Scott
Cincinnati .....Shillito's
Cleveland .....Higbee's
Columbus .....The Union Co.
Dayton .....Rike's
Los Angeles .....I. Magnin
Milwaukee .....Boston Store
Pittsburgh .....Kaufmann's
San Francisco .....I. Magnin
Seattle .....I. Magnin



Project II

Coat, pants and shirt $200

Atlanta .....Rich's
Baltimore .....Hutzler's
Boston .....Filene's
Buffalo .....L. L. Berger
Chicago .....Carson Pirie Scott
Cincinnati .....Shillito's
Cleveland .....Higbee's
Dayton .....Rike's
Denver .....Neusteters
Detroit .....J. L. Hudson
Hartford .....G. Fox
Indianapolis .....L. S. Ayres
Kansas City .....Harzfeld's
Los Angeles .....I. Magnin
Minneapolis .....Dayton's
Nashville .....Gus Mayer
New Orleans .....Gus Mayer
New York .....Lord & Taylor
Pittsburgh .....Kaufmann's
Portland .....Nordstrom Best
Rochester .....B. Forman
San Francisco .....I. Magnin
Seattle .....I. Magnin



Jacques Tiffeau

Coat and slacks $325
Three piece with skirt $365

Atlanta .....Rich's
Baltimore .....Hutzler's
Boston .....Filene's
Chicago .....Carson Pirie Scott
Cincinnati .....Shillito's
Dayton .....Rike's
Detroit .....J. L. Hudson
Kansas City .....Harzfeld's
Miami .....Burdine's
Nashville .....Gus Mayer
New Orleans .....Gus Mayer
New York .....Lord & Taylor



Adolphe Zelinka

Coat $145

Atlanta .....Rich's
Boston .....Filene's
Buffalo .....L. L. Berger
Chicago .....Carson Pirie Scott
Cincinnati .....Shillito's
Cleveland .....Higbee's
Dayton .....Rike's
Denver .....Neusteters
Detroit .....J. L. Hudson
Hartford .....G. Fox
Indianapolis .....L. S. Ayres
Kansas City .....Harzfeld's
Miami .....Burdine's
New York .....Lord & Taylor
Pittsburgh .....Kaufmann's
Portland .....Nordstrom Best
Rochester .....B. Forman
Washington, D.C. ....Garfinckel's



Calvin Klein

Cape $145
Costume $225

Baltimore .....Hutzler's
Boston .....Filene's
Buffalo .....L. L. Berger
Chicago .....Carson Pirie Scott
Cincinnati .....Shillito's
Cleveland .....Higbee's
Columbus .....The Union Co.
Dayton .....Rike's
Denver .....Neusteters
Detroit .....J. L. Hudson
Hartford .....G. Fox
Indianapolis .....L. S. Ayres
Kansas City .....Harzfeld's
Los Angeles .....I. Magnin
Miami .....Burdine's
Milwaukee .....Boston Store
New York .....Lord & Taylor
Philadelphia .....The Blum Store
Pittsburgh .....Kaufmann's
Portland .....Nordstrom Best
Saint Louis ...Stix, Baer & Fuller
San Francisco .....I. Magnin
Seattle .....I. Magnin
Washington, D.C. ....Garfinckel's



Ginini

Coat $230

Baltimore .....Hutzler's
Buffalo .....L. L. Berger
Chicago .....Carson Pirie Scott
Dayton .....Rike's
Hartford .....G. Fox
Indianapolis .....L. S. Ayres
Kansas City .....Harzfeld's
New York .....Lord & Taylor
Portland .....Nordstrom Best
Saint Louis ...Stix, Baer & Fuller
Washington, D.C. ....Garfinckel's



Modelia

Coat $165

Boston .....Filene's
Buffalo .....L. L. Berger
Chicago .....Carson Pirie Scott
Cincinnati .....Shillito's
Cleveland .....Higbee's
Dayton .....Rike's
Detroit .....J. L. Hudson
Hartford .....G. Fox
Indianapolis .....L. S. Ayres
Kansas City .....Harzfeld's
Los Angeles .....I. Magnin
Minneapolis .....Dayton's
New York .....Lord & Taylor
Pittsburgh .....Kaufmann's
Portland .....Nordstrom Best
Rochester .....B. Forman
San Francisco .....I. Magnin
Seattle .....I. Magnin



Golet

Coat $275

Buffalo .....L. L. Berger
Chicago .....Carson Pirie Scott
Cincinnati .....Shillito's
Denver .....Neusteters
Detroit .....J. L. Hudson
Indianapolis .....L. S. Ayres
Kansas City .....Harzfeld's
Los Angeles .....I. Magnin
Nashville .....Gus Mayer
New Orleans .....Gus Mayer
Philadelphia .....The Blum Store
Saint Louis ...Stix, Baer & Fuller
San Francisco .....I. Magnin
Seattle .....I. Magnin



Ginala

Coat $165

Atlanta .....Rich's
Baltimore .....Hutzler's
Boston .....Filene's
Buffalo .....L. L. Berger
Chicago .....Carson Pirie Scott
Cleveland .....Higbee's
Dayton .....Rike's
Denver .....Neusteters
Detroit .....J. L. Hudson
Indianapolis .....L. S. Ayres
Kansas City .....Harzfeld's
Miami .....Burdine's
Minneapolis .....Dayton's
Nashville .....Gus Mayer
New Orleans .....Gus Mayer
New York .....Lord & Taylor
Philadelphia .....The Blum Store
Saint Louis ...Stix, Baer & Fuller
Washington, D.C. ....Garfinckel's



Zelinka Matlick

Coat $185

Buffalo .....L. L. Berger
Chicago .....Carson Pirie Scott
Cleveland .....Higbee's
Denver .....Neusteters
Detroit .....J. L. Hudson
Hartford .....G. Fox
Indianapolis .....L. S. Ayres
Kansas City .....Harzfeld's
Los Angeles .....I. Magnin
Minneapolis .....Dayton's
Nashville .....Gus Mayer
New Orleans .....Gus Mayer
New York .....Lord & Taylor
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Harve Benard

Dress $115

Buffalo .....L. L. Berger
Chicago .....Carson Pirie Scott
Detroit .....J. L. Hudson
Nashville .....Gus Mayer
New Orleans .....Gus Mayer
New York .....Lord & Taylor
Philadelphia .....The Blum Store
Pittsburgh .....Kaufmann's



Luba for Elite

Coat $250

Baltimore .....Hutzler's
Buffalo .....L. L. Berger
Chicago .....Carson Pirie Scott
Denver .....Neusteters
Indianapolis .....L. S. Ayres
Kansas City .....Harzfeld's
Milwaukee .....Boston Store
Minneapolis .....Dayton's
Pittsburgh .....Kaufmann's
Portland .....Nordstrom Best
Saint Louis ...Stix, Baer & Fuller
Washington, D.C. ....Garfinckel's

All prices are approximate and slightly higher in the west. (WJ-1470)

The American Way With Wool

THE ONLY PLACE THAT PUTS YOU TOGETHER THE UNITED WAY



Migrate South for the
highlights of the season in the sun.
Wear a little jersey shirt dress by Hermitt.

Elizabeth Arden will shape
your hair into a longer, softer style
for socializing in the sun. Elizabeth Arden

THE ONLY PLACE THAT PUTS



Cover the East Coast in a leather
midi coat with fox trim by Bernard Perris and stay warm despite
wintry temperatures.

Be sure to have a famous Elizabeth Arden face treatment
when you arrive to bring the color
back to your cheeks. Elizabeth Arden

YOU TOGETHER THE UNITED WAY



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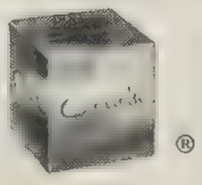
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BEAUTY CHECKOUT



Nicely, nicely (ouch) Our Paragon Traveller is a girl who makes every minute count. We've just managed to extract from her this account of a recent stopover in Nice, en route from a holiday in Provence to a visit with chic friends in Madrid. . . . "At Marseilles we discovered that the Madrid plane doubled back through Nice, with a stopover of several hours. 'Good! Plenty of time for a wonderful lunch,' said my husband with characteristic gusto. Secretly I plotted a dash to the nearest beauty salon, and over our *coq-au-vin* in the gold-and-brown dining room I asked the captain if there was, by chance, a hairdresser at the airport. He assured me there was an excellent one, so I left my husband with his coffee and cognac and went exploring. . . . Two flights down, I found it: Pierre & Nadine, all glass and chrome, with a mirrored wall down the centre separating the *coiffeurs pour hommes* from the *coiffeuses pour dames*. As only two of the eleven white Saarinen chairs on the *dames* side were occupied, I was taken at once. In France, I can always anticipate the opening gambit, and Jacky, the deep-eyed brunette who snapped on my orange-and-tan shampooing cape, came in on cue: "The hairs of Madame are very dry.' 'Please use whatever you think best,' I replied, as I always do in French establishments. . . . After kneading and massaging, soaping and rinsing, Jacky applied a cool flagon of Pantene cappila, finishing with an Oréal rinse to dim the sun-streaks of Provence. I switched from one white chair to another and the expert hands of Marie-José, a tall taffy blonde, who half hand-dried my hair before rubbing in a vial of Plix. While she rolled and Scotch-taped my hair, Jacky varnished my nails with Revlon's Breath-of-Rose. 'A pedicure?' she asked, as Marie-José swung the plastic helmet from the wall over my head. . . . While I glanced through *Elle*, my toes dangling in a clear plastic bubble of suds, my husband appeared to find out what could be taking me so long. In desperation, he accepted my suggestion that he relax in the section for *messieurs* for a haircut, *friction*, and manicure. That gave me time for the final touch, a makeup, before my comb out, and we converged on the *caisse* at the same time. Hers: $17 plus tips. His: $7 plus tips. Best of all, no trauma. . . . I arrived in Madrid a brand new me."

Dibs and dabs One of our favourite makeup experts suggests bending over at the waist and breathing deeply for a minute or two to *flush a bit of life and colour into a pretty face* before the photographer snaps a colour shot. Good thought, we thought, for anybody's instant glow of health; in the moment just before the guests start to arrive, perhaps. . . . A dashing —in every way—personality we know and love has *a thing about watches;* hates to wear them and instead keeps herself on schedule with a big, handsome, silvery Westclox Pocket Ben on a white tasselled nylon braid about fifteen inches long. The tassel swings out of her handbag "so I can quickly grab it; also I can see it easily." Hairdresser-and-bright-idea-man Ara Gallant whips a new one up for her whenever the white darkens, makes them in various colours for various other punctual people with things about watches, too. . . . *Unlikely-but-comforting-news department:* word from the medical world is that fat *can* be happy. A thin person can survive for only about six weeks without any food at all; a plump one can run on his own fat fuel for up to eight months. . . . Joanna Shimkus, raved about most recently as star of the movie *The Virgin and the Gypsy*, raves about sesame seed oil. Finds it the only oil that her skin really seems to gulp; uses it as body lotion, cleansing oil, moisturizer. Scents it with a few drops of her favourite perfume. . . . Another young European actress, Jane Birkin, keeps her extraordinarily shiny hair extraordinarily shiny by washing it at least every three days with baby shampoo followed by a rinse of conditioner, any sort on hand. More shine, her wonderful eyes, the colour of a cat's.



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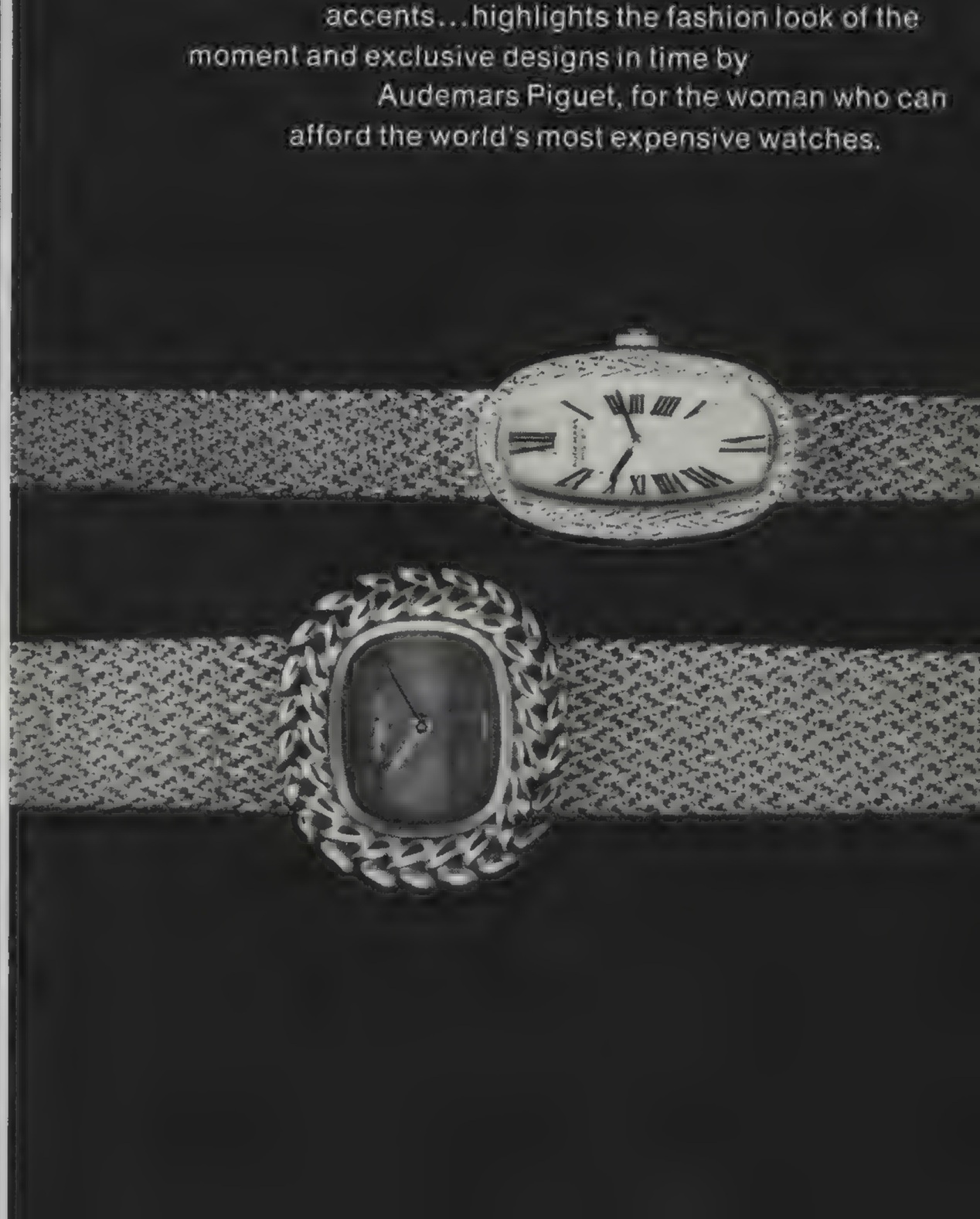


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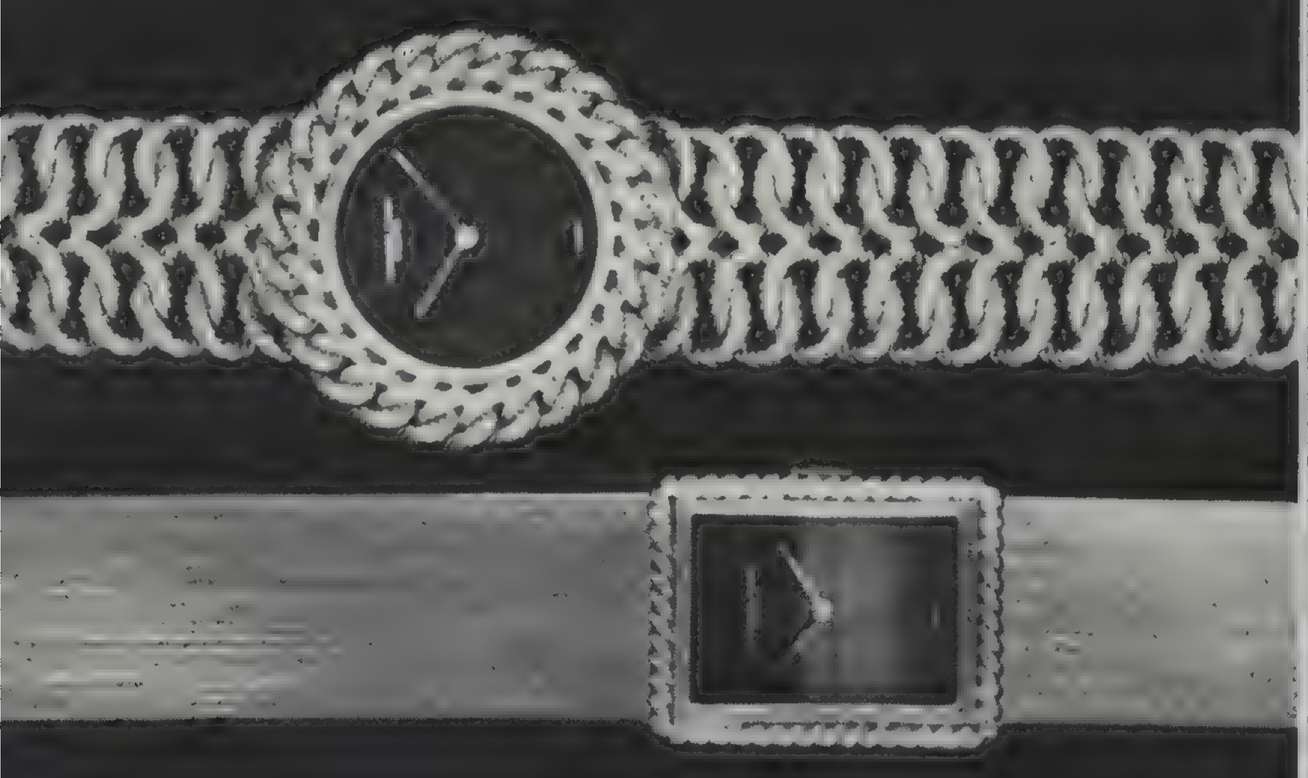
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VOGUE'S READY BEAUTY

7 NEW ARRIVALS

Stop by for drinks

When the crackle of an early fall fire on the hearth reminds you not of loves beyond recall but the sound of a comb raking through your hair, it's time to pop in at your friendly hairdresser's for a couple of rounds with Fermodyl 619. The pale golden liquid, an early Belgian formula, is poured from an ampule opened on the spot. It seeps into every bone-dry hair shaft promising to turn on forgotten lights and bring back the old bounce. A few applications, they say, should restore the proper moisture balance that gives hair a decent perspective—like going *your* way for a change.

The serene seven

Hypo-allergenic cosmetics used to have a pristine aura . . . good for you but non-scented, ergo not much fun. Marcelle, soothe-sayers in the skin sensitivity area, are now coming on as liberators with a hypo-allergenic fragrance that drifts through their new Ultrafine Bath Collection—and it's safe as a baby's smile. Seven scented bath treatments, every one hypo-allergenic. Among them (as well as Bath and Shower Gel, Bath Oil, et cetera) are two surprises in the security-blanket set . . . an Afterbath Creme said to be overly luscious in texture, and a Feminine Hygiene Spray.

Birthday celebration

Among the birthdays most easily overlooked is Vaseline Petroleum Jelly's one hundredth . . . but on it suddenly appears a soft new wunderkind. Vaseline Intensive Care Lotion belongs right where you can get your hands on it and vice versa. A few drops on parched palms and crispened areas can have your skin feeling sleeky smooth and resilient. The lotion has got to be wallowing in earthy riches but it comes on all pale, fragile, and faintly scented.

Rose-coloured patois

Even Shakespeare was hung up on roses, so if "skimmed dew of roses" comes to mind when you see Orlane's new arrival, don't feel abashed. After all, it's here because European women are already gone on it. Half-aptly called Rosée Démaquillante (it does far more than remove makeup), it's a sparkling liquid gel, rose-coloured, *naturellement.* Use the nifty little dispenser to spray it on cotton and swish over face and throat. Simultaneously, it cleanses, moisturizes, and normalizes acidity . . . they've tucked in a pH factor, too. Good for all skins. That's what they say. In many languages.

All flaws are not created equal

For intrigue, maybe every woman should have at least one flaw—like Madame Pompadour's mole. Some flaws, unfortunately, have less charm than others—uneven colouring for one . . . noticeably darker under the eyes or perhaps clusters of tiny spots, reddish in some cases, tannish in others. Or those euphemistic "laugh lines" (some where you frown). Estée Lauder calls a wrinkle a wrinkle and whips out her Camouflage Wrinkle Cover, a sturdy cream in a little pot with a spatula. In light, medium, or dark shades, it's applied on the flawfuls *between* moisturizer and foundation, rather like a petticoat. With skill, one might even diffuse those un-sexy puckers above the upper lip.

A wealth of hair

Hairstyles are a hot political issue these days, but even the most violent partisans of short vs. long styles seem to agree on one point: hair should be *thick.* If your hair is woefully fine—or even if it's reasonably thick, and you're just greedy—you might try Dep's new thickener, Fine Hair Thick Hair. It adds volume; conditions your hair with protein and moisturizers; and acts as a shiner and setting lotion into the bargain. And (joy!) it *sprays* on, making it easy for you to spread the wealth through your whole head of hair.

Protean protein

Ego-deflating it may be to consider one's own dear nails, hair, and skin as mere masses of protein, but once you take that stance, latching onto proteins in cosmetics makes beautiful sense. Why not *replace* the protein you may shatter when you pick open packages with your fingernails, wangle your hair against its natural bent, subject your skin to hot-and-cold-running weather. That's the premise of *rrp* Natural Protein, a group of ready-to-wear proteins whose fans are quite vocal. The Nail Conditioner gets an olé because it's precisely that—a health-giving conditioner. Protein forms a superb protective film, so continued use of the conditioner, we're told, permits the growth of stronger nails, less likely to split in all directions or snap off. A protein film carries on in the Hair and Scalp Conditioner Shampoo, meant to manage the most ornery hair into a tractable, shining mane. And if you've experienced the lather of *rrp* Natural Protein Bath Gel in lieu of soap to cleanse and glisten the skin, you'll be happy to know it's in the special *rrp* trio making the scene this fall. They're available as singles, too.

(More Ready Beauty, page 168)


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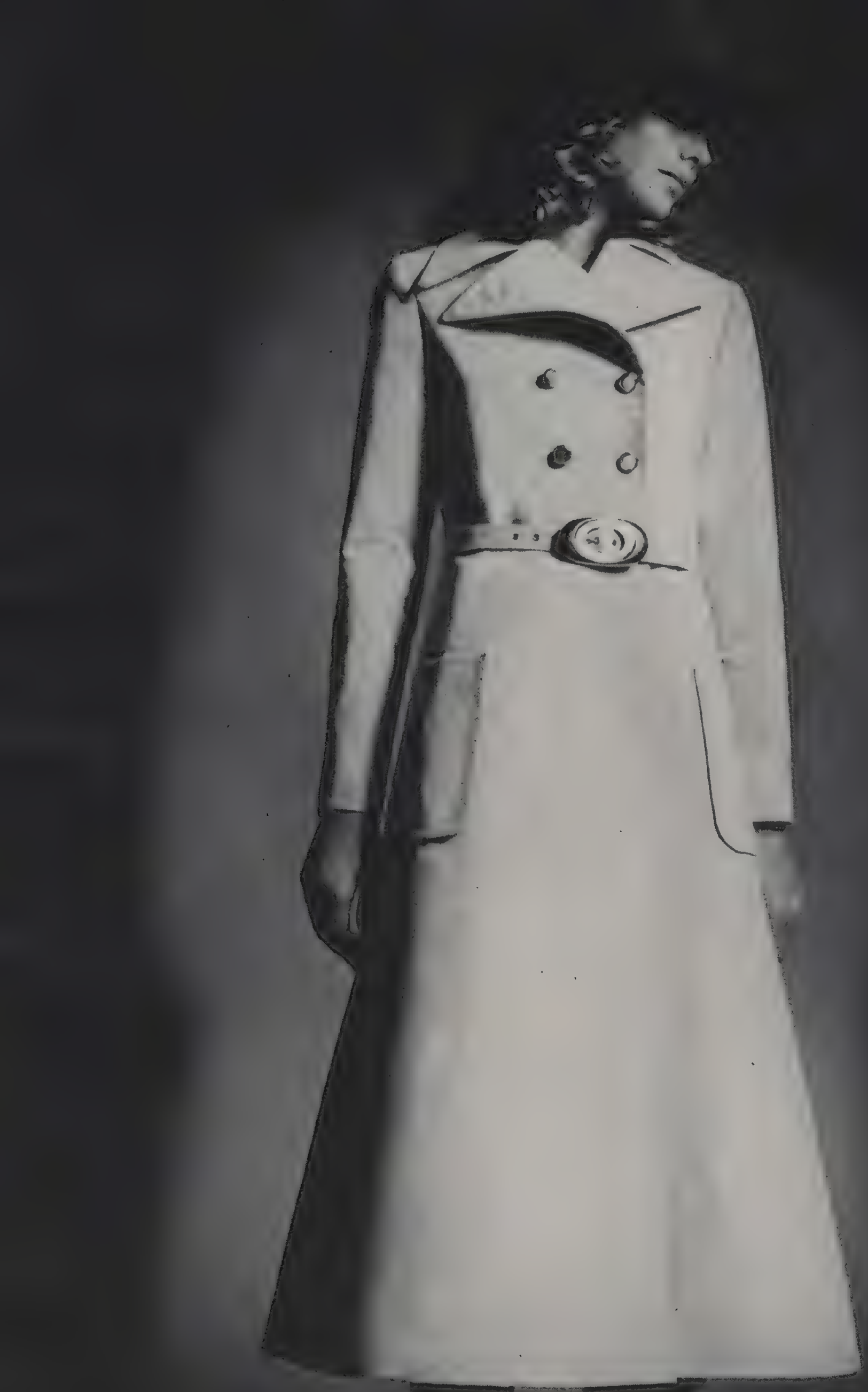
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VOGUE'S NOTE BOOK

A SALUTE TO THE AMERICAN MUSEUM IN BRITAIN



1



2



3

As a tribute to the American museum (stocked from Colonial herb garden to antebellum New Orleans bedroom) in Bath—the only American museum in Europe—the British Ambassador to the United States and Mrs. John Freeman had a blue-carpeted stage raised in the blue-and-white Great Hall of the Washington Embassy for a salon opera production of *Cendrillon*.













ERICH HARTMANN

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VOGUE'S SPOTLIGHT

Books

BY ARTHUR SCHLESINGER, JR.

Inside the Third Reich, "*a weird trip*"

I suppose that if any political phenomenon of this century could be regarded as radically and totally evil, it was Nazism. Yet many, many people were implicated in the crimes of Hitler. Were they all hopelessly evil people? Or is it possible that a decent and intelligent man could have served as one of Hitler's most trusted and effective associates? To put it in a different way, can such a man involved in such ghastly wickedness explain to posterity—and to himself—how it all could have happened?

This is the theme of Albert Speer's fascinating and impressive book, *Inside the Third Reich* (Macmillan): his desperate struggle to understand his own life. A young architect, the son of an upper-class family, devoid of interest in politics, he heard Hitler speak and, without much consideration, joined the Nazi party in 1931 at the age of twenty-five. He had not read—in fact, never succeeded in reading—*Mein Kampf;* nor was he an anti-Semite. It was the magic of Hitler himself. "I knew virtually nothing about his program. He had taken hold of me before I had grasped what was happening."

Speer did some minor work for the Nazis, and the Führer, who had the interest in architecture of an artist manqué, took a fancy to him. Soon he became Hitler's chief architect, his master builder, and a member of his inner circle. War came, and, when Speer was thirty-six years old, Hitler made him Minister of Armaments and Munitions with control over economic mobilization. Before the war was over, he was, in effect, the second man in the Reich.

Looking back, Speer finds his career grotesque and incredible. He has no doubts now—he had none at the time of the Nuremberg trial—of the horrors of Nazism. How then to explain his fatal complicity? With every appearance of candour, he does his best to lay his soul bare.

It was partly, of course, the spell Hitler cast on him—a spell that endured to the end, even after Speer had decided that Hitler's course was mad and had worked out an assassination plot against him. It was partly his own artistic ambition. It was partly his growing enjoyment of his position: "I had been bribed and intoxicated by the desire to wield pure power." It was partly the technocratic illusion that everyone should stick to his own specialty and that no one, except the Führer, had to take personal responsibility for the general result.

"But in the final analysis," Speer writes, "I myself determined the degree of my isolation, the extremity of my evasions, and the extent of my ignorance. . . . Those who ask me are fundamentally expecting me to offer justifications. But I have none. No apologies are possible."

This is not just a work of introspection, however. The narrative, especially of the disintegration of the thousand-year Reich and the squalid intrigues among the Nazi leaders, is compelling. The sketches of the macabre crew who nearly brought civilization to its knees are sharp and dispassionate. The portrait of Hitler and his politics of hallucination is complex, rich, and sinister; the Führer becomes a figure out of Hieronymus Bosch. Nazism was altogether a weird trip. Speer has not forgiven himself, nor does he ask forgiveness now; but *Inside the Third Reich* is a remarkable book by a remarkable man.

VOGUE'S SPOTLIGHT

Movies

BY ALBERT GOLDMAN

Performance, "*a psychedelic shambles*"

Performance is a crazy quilt of English hoods and hippies, of Mickey Spillane smashups and Marrakesh-in-Chelsea space-outs, with James Fox (Johnny Carson with a cockney accent) playing a spivily handsome enforcer on the lam from his murderous buddies, and Mick Jagger playing Mick Jagger as a retired rock star living with two feline paramours in a psychedelic shambles of a house triangulated on bedroom, bathroom, and recording studio. Into this lair comes the hunted criminal, round and round circle the socker and the rocker, higher and higher get the men and girls as the rock music mopes and menaces, as the drugs drive them further out, as the barriers of personality crumble until—EPIPHANY!—James Fox is a Borsalino-hatted, zoot-suited 'thirties dragster-gangster and Mick the Jagger is a slicked-hair, tie-and-collar version of the same, with nothing but his hypnotic eyes and thick, fat lips to tell the difference.

Interpretation: Social deviants, no matter how different in appearance, are at bottom the same and interchangeable.

Comment: Mick in the bathtub with Anita Pallenberg is the sort of sexy, snobbish, archetypal scene that made Hollywood famous; but if they had been allowed to shoot that scene thirty years ago, they would have done it with a histrionic flair and photographic finesse that would have embedded it in your mind.

Moral: The New Movies, like the New Arts, assume an enormous license to produce disappointingly tame results.

Move, "*obscene yet klean*"

Move, like *Performance*, moves like a fly through a milk splash. One thing the New Movies lack is a place to go. Textural, not goal-oriented, they stand or fall (like stalled motorbikes) on the strength of static scenes and obsessional images. Elliott Gould, a virtuoso mugger with a mouth as fleshily humorous as Robert Morley's, has a repertoire of lens-licking, camera-beguiling grimaces that surpass anything ever achieved by a baby on a bear rug or a monkey in a bellhop's suit.

Sloppy, confused, delightfully paranoid, adorably self-defeating, Gould mashes away at his life as West Side writer, husband, boy-man, and dog walker like an infant dining in a highchair. He drives his deep-bosomed, big-sis-wife-mama, Paula Prentiss, to tears; he drives the movie's one delight, Genevieve Waite (playing an innocently erotic English model), up the wall in the obligatory coital ballet; and he will drive you to the limits of desperate boredom by the time this piece of fluff flutters down to its *gemütlich* conclusion: Elliott Gould squatting in the bathtub with Paula Prentiss, who is going to have their baby.

From bathtub to bathtub: so runs modern cinema, liberated at last from the tyranny of the bed. Obscene yet klean, nosey yet kozy, these you-scrub-mine-I'll-scrub-yours scenes are fast becoming the trademark of the New Movies. They suggest what I have long suspected: that behind recent sexual liberation lies the longing for the innocent pleasures of the nursery. Hot, sweaty play; a deep, affectionately tended bath; the bliss of cool sheets in a darkened room. What could be lacking? What can the omnipotence of film provide? Why only the little girl next door, whom you called on a secret phone under your pillow.







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VOGUE'S SPOTLIGHT

Television

BY FRANCINE DU PLESSIX GRAY

Hot Dog, "*entertaining consumerism*"

The NBC-TV *Hot Dog* ("a program about stuff," as one of its youthful participants described it) surfaces on Saturday, September 12, at noon as a weekly, half-hour children's series. My nine-year-old son, Luke, who previewed the show with me, gave it a rating of very good. "A very good show for children ageing I'd say seven to twelve," he wrote in his own review. "It has lots of interesting facts I do not know." My ten-year-old son, Thaddeus, a rigorously selective television viewer who watches little else than sports and news, only rated it fairly good. "All that *stuff* gets tedious after a while," he reported.

My estimate lies somewhere between the two. *Hot Dog* is a program that proposes to trace the origins and manufacturing processes of some seventy familiar items, including hot dogs, popcorn, basketballs, maple syrup, dancing dolls, mustard, ball-point pens, guitars, and tie-dyed shirts. In other words, it caters to the awakening consciousness of the child making his prolonged Bar Mitzvah into our Great Consumer Society—a process that takes place, as Luke guessed, between the ages of seven and twelve. To sustain the viewer's interest throughout this extended tour of the American supermarket will be a major feat. I wish *Hot Dog* luck, for I liked other aspects of the program: notably its photography, which ranges from documentary crispness to *Elvira Madigan* delicacy; its beautiful musical score by the Youngbloods, a gentle folk-rock group with traces of Simon and Garfunkel-style harmonizing; and its humour, provided by a small but brilliant galaxy of regular visitors: Jonathan Winters, JoAnne Worley of *Laugh-In*, and Woody Allen.

The spectacled, unsmiling Woody Allen is the star of the show, tackling questions in a professorial way that makes his answers almost believable, playing straight to the ten-year-old who loves to see through a funny lie. Examples: "How are animated cartoons made?" Allen: "They hire midgets to get into little mice and cat suits. . . ." "How are lead pencils made?" Allen: "There are guys who just do nothing else all day long. I like a very thick pencil, myself, one I can wrap my arms around and I write by moving my body. . . ."

The trouble with viewing any children's program these days is that one's judgment is inevitably coloured by comparing it with *Sesame Street*. And most such comparisons are bound to be unfair. *Sesame Street* is an admirable educational venture reaching some six million children—an estimated one-half of our three- to five-year-old population—and has helped to close the frightening gap of preparedness between inner-city youngsters and privileged young whites. *Hot Dog* will perform no service for the next age group beyond offering good entertainment and some occasionally interesting information about the stuff around us: Writers of the fortunes inside fortune cookies are paid eight cents a fortune. I hope that *Hot Dog* will give a smaller ratio of facts about edible, purchasable things than I saw in the preview, and a higher ratio of scientific information. I look forward, for instance, to hearing Jonathan Winters answer such questions as "Why do people snore?": He has promised to do this in the series. For if *Hot Dog* sticks too close to supermarket items, it will give me the same sense of glut that I get from visiting some of the more consumption-mad families I know. All that *stuff*. Ugh.

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Christmas catalogue

An illustrated, 40-page catalogue presenting new cards and constructions, books, posters, reproductions, and a wide selection of distinctive gifts from The Museum of Modern Art is now available. Cards and constructions—15 cents to $1—reproduce classic works by artists in the Museum collection. Others have been specially commissioned from such artists as Jean-Michel Folon and Robert Indiana. Gifts ranging from $2.50 to $500 include a special edition of *Playplax;* the *1971 Appointment Calendar; Float,* Robert Breer's intriguing kinetic sculpture; *The Ball Puzzle,* Charles Perry's exquisite lucite object; *Typewriter Eraser,* a signed and numbered offset lithograph by Claes Oldenburg; *Planetary Folklore Participations No. 1,* Victor Vasarely's exciting game in which the player can move magnetized pieces to create any design; the *Trova Kaleidoscope*—an unusual version of a classic Christmas toy.

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VOGUE'S SPOTLIGHT

Sports

BY PETE AXTHELM

Tennis: Come alive with sudden death?

The sport of tennis has lived for years with a white-linen image, a distant pageant barricaded from most of the sporting public by the manicured hedges of country clubs. In truth, the game has long since stopped being an élitist pastime; equipment sales are at all-time highs. Tennis offers intense exercise and competition at minimal expense, yet the game has not made the final leap to the pinnacle of American sports. For all its growth as a participant's game, it has failed to convince a general audience that it is worth watching.

William F. Talbert is determined to alter this. Once a world-class player, Talbert, who is fifty-two, is a businessman who has devoted most of his life to tennis. He might be expected to say such optimistic things as: "Tennis is on the brink of the greatest boom in its history." But when he makes such claims, he stands prepared to back them up. If tennis does soar in the 1970's, innovations sponsored by Talbert will be largely responsible.

So far, the game has failed to attract a wide television audience; Talbert suggests two main reasons. First, the modern game is dominated too completely by the serve and volley; a match between two of the best players in the world is too often reduced to an exchange of sudden, explosive shots. Second, tennis is often strangely anticlimactic, a race without a finish line. Under tennis' venerable scoring system, many matches are drained of excitement through hours of deadlocked play. An 18-16 set may make great reading in the next day's papers; but many viewers become bored with such a marathon, particularly since the players themselves tend to play cautiously instead of gambling to break their opponents' games apart.

Talbert's answer is simple and dramatic: sudden death. It was instituted for the first time at this month's national championships at Forest Hills, New York, and tennis observers will be studying its effects for months to come. The format is simple: If the score is tied at the end of a set, the rivals play a number of points, probably nine. One player serves first and second, fifth and sixth; the other gets the last three serves if the play-off lasts that long. No longer can a player relax and lean on his serve. He must go all out on every one of these points—giving audiences charged action.

The change, of course, will extend beyond scoring. No longer able to win on serves alone, players will be forced to rediscover the lost art of defense, rewarding audiences with longer volleys and a much wider variety of shots. In addition, tennis schedules will at last achieve some stability. A fan—or a television producer—who plans to catch a special match will not arrive at a stadium to find that an earlier mixed-doubles event is still dragging on at centre court—while the important match may be delayed right out of prime time and into the next morning.

The sudden-death rules may be only the beginning of a transformation for tennis. Talbert is considering the benefits of taking some pressure out of the ball to cut down on the big serve and of employing artificial turf instead of grass. But for the moment, he is watching the impact of his pet project on his favourite game. The acknowledged master of defense during his own prime, Talbert said, "At last players will have to remember how to make all the shots and return all serves. I hope this change will restore completeness to tennis."

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VOGUE'S SPOTLIGHT

Travel

BY DESPINA MESSINESI

Anatomy of a special Abano cure, decidedly Italian

I took the cure at Abano Terme, an hour from Venice by car. Many people with arthritis, gout, back troubles, pesky pains, and fresh bone fractures come for treatment to this small Italian town. I stayed at the Royal Orologio, a faded pistachio-green, old-fashioned hotel that looks deceptively like a barracks outside. Inside, the calm palazzo-proportioned, gilt-and-marble salons smelled of fresh wax polish as some places do after spring cleaning. Things clicked—one, two, three.

A battery of grooms in white linens lined up like an honour guard to open doors, to take my coat. Then, the Orologio's Commendatore de Giorgis—who runs both the hotel and the baths, with their carefully cultured mud—stepped up to welcome me and lead me to my pleasant room overlooking rose beds. Did I like the room? Would I care to see others? Could he please have my passport? What time would I be coming down to dinner? Did I wish to see the doctor that evening or the next morning? A barrage of questions in stilted English. I settled for dinner on a tray, nine-in-the-morning doctor's appointment. The housekeeper arrived with red-black roses. The maid turned down my bed, spread a white linen towel over the bedside rug and put my slippers on it.

Soon, my dinner tray arrived with, for dessert, fraises des bois with a pitcher of freshly squeezed lemon juice. Far off, I heard the crunch of footsteps on garden gravel. As I stretched out between linen sheets, I felt as I do when I'm fastening my seat belt for takeoff.

The next morning, I was still in bed when the cure doctor in a midi-length white coat rushed in like a breeze of fresh lavender. After a physical checkup and my medical history, the doctor prescribed a dozen thermal mud baths, the first for that morning. He told me to rest, said that he would keep tabs on me and to call at any hour of the twenty-four if I felt uncomfortable or had questions.

A young girl tapped on my *un*locked door, came in, gave me a burnous lent by the hotel, picked up my shower cap, led me out, locked the room, and hung the heavy gilt key on a hook outside the door. Walking to the baths at the end of the sunny corridor bothered me less when I crossed other guests on their way out wrapped to the eyes.

There was a faint mineral smell in the wheat-coloured gallery where a burly man hoisted pails of steaming grey mud. Men patients used one end of the gallery, women the other. All appointments—from six to eleven in the morning—were marked on a blackboard. After wheeling a cart with two pails trailing steam through a blue glass door, a grey-haired woman came for me. She was my *fangoula*, as the women trained to apply the mud are called.

A high-up span of windows framed treetops and sky in the large, square, and airy treatment room of beige mosaic. On a tile slab, longer and higher than a bed, the *fangoula* smoothed out a heavy rubber sheet and spread a coarse, unbleached linen cloth. On the wall where my name and room number were posted she pinned my cure prescription: front and back views of an anatomical figure with red arrows pointing to the trouble spots; the degrees of heat, the length of treatment, plus instructions for an ozone bath after the mud applications. A large "no" with an exclamation point after the word *massagio*.

Like a crack shot hitting bulls'-eyes, the *fangoula* slung fistfuls of mud on the sheet, handed me my shower cap, helped me up the steps to the high slab, eased me onto the infernally hot mud and slapped more mud on me. When I was sandwiched in mud, she sealed me in the linen, rubber, and wool sheets, set the timer and with a *buen fango* left. After the first wave of burning heat—I was certain I had a second-degree burn—I relaxed and drowsed off. Perspiration trickled inside my shower cap, over my eyes, down my spine, all over me. The timer bell brought the *fangoula* to unwrap me and to guide me over a fresh white floor runner to a shower in the corner. Pink and free of mud, I stepped in an enormously long and deep sunken tub of bubbly thermal-spring water.

When bath time was up, the *fangoula* patted me dry in a hot bath sheet, helped me into a fresh hot burnous, had an attendant take me down the corridor to my room. The key on the hook, evidently, had served as a signal for the maid to close shutters, draw curtains, tidy up, and turn down my bed. Now, heated like a brick, I dripped and dripped, sleeping for an hour in the darkness.

After this initiation, I plotted my own schedule; seven in the morning, bath ritual; eleven, steamy inhalations smelling of eucalyptus for kicks on the way to sun and swim in the thermal pool; lunch; siesta; four in the afternoon, sightseeing expeditions; eight, dinner; and bed no later than ten-thirty.

Sun in Abano turns skin golden. Beautifully organized, the Orologio treats guests with style. Brick turrets, wrapped and walled in sweet-smelling shrubs, enclose small terraces for sunning around a pool the size of a lake. With no more than five cots covered with baby-blue sheets on each turret, the terraces look like isolated, open-air dormitories. Insatiably thirsty after the treatments, guests keep pool waiters hustling drinks. After the eighty-plus degrees of the thermal pool, most people change into dry suits in the sunflower-yellow bathhouse. Even on grey days, a superb indoor pool roofed in orange glass has the feeling of filtred sunshine.

In the grey marble dining room, guests sit on yellow-cushioned chairs at tables numbered the same as their rooms. People dress casually at luncheon, but in the evening they make an effort: after-five dresses or pants; well-groomed hair in spite of the rigours of the cure; dowagers with canes in evening clothes; men in dark suits. From my "separate table," I tried to guess the guests' nationalities: French, American, Italian, German, Middle Eastern, Spanish, English—the allure of the French and Italians gave them away.

Every afternoon at Abano is like hitting the jackpot—masses of ravishing places to visit close by: Padua, Verona, Vicenza. In the green backdrop of Abano, the gentle Euganean Hills, there is in the gardens of the Villa Pizzoni a foot-thick boxwood maze as trim as a fresh crew cut. Alleys walled in boxwood lead to enormous marble arches reflected in ponds where black swans float. Bells, peaceful and melancholic, attracted me to the austere church of the sixteenth-century Praglia Benedictine Monastery during vespers chanted by monks almost invisible behind Baroque stalls. I returned during visiting hours to walk in the cloisters and buy honey sold by the monks. On the top of Monte Rua at a trattoria filled with Italians where I stopped for tea, I ordered in the Italian way: a jug of moscato wine, salame and prosciutto that came with country bread and earthenware moulds packed with firm butter. Then back to Abano, the Royal Orologio, and my cure.

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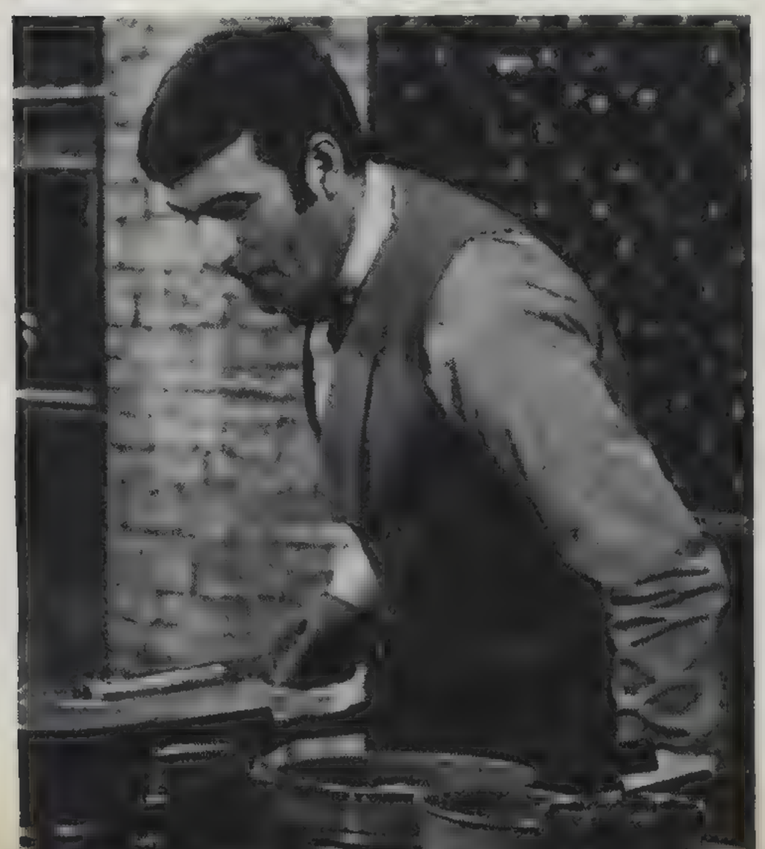
VOGUE'S DECORATING FINDS AND IDEAS FOR FASHIONS IN LIVING

GOURMET-NIA

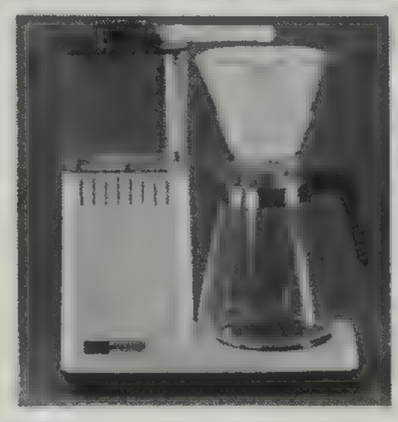
Gourmet cookery is what's happening now, with gourmet cookware the collector's news. ***Modules of lacquer-like plastic,*** right: In a glamorous kitchen, sensational free-standing shelves stack like blocks. As shown, $325. Wine racks: $5 a 6-bottle unit. Stack stool-tables, $38 ea. All by Kartel in white, red, or black. Gae Aulenti's folding chrome chair, $40. Everything shown at Bloomingdale's, N. Y. ***Two great teachers,*** below: Dione Lucas, Cordon Bleu cook, author, and first T.V. teacher, in her blue-and-white-tiled kitchen, designed by St. Charles with Chambers equipment. It is the cooking-school end of her new Dione Lucas Gourmet Center, 226 E. 51st St., N. Y. The Galloping Gourmet, below, a T.V. hit, addresses pots and pans he designed for his Westinghouse kitchen. Galloping Gourmet cookware, of cast aluminum for waterless cooking, is distributed by Catherineholm, Ltd.







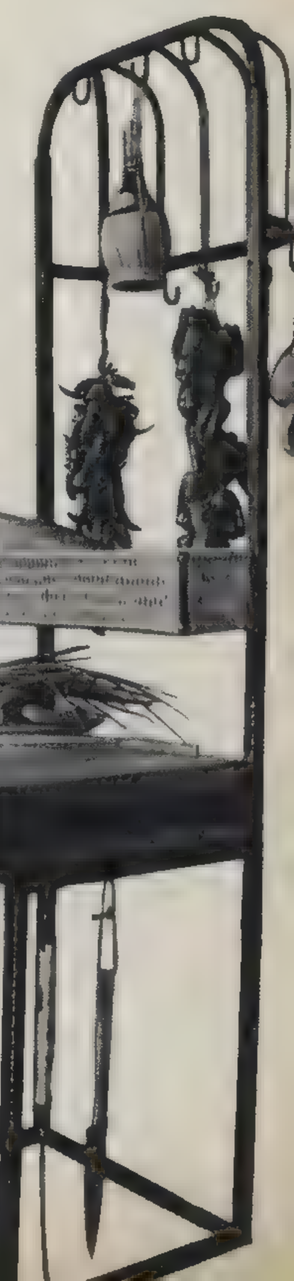






BERRY BERENSON

Wheeled kitchen, left: Jo Columbo's orange Mini-Kitchen, 26″ x 42″, is perfect for second-kitchen cookery. It houses stove, refrigerator, butcher-block top, ample storage. $850, Altman's, N. Y. ***New German coffee maker:*** The Ismet Automatic Drip-O-later makes 1 to 8 cups of aromatic coffee or tea, keeps it hot. $60 with a Corning glass carafe. At Dione Lucas Gourmet Center. ***The cliff hanger,*** above right: RCA's new digital FM/AM clock-radio hangs under a kitchen cabinet, $30. ***New gourmet utensils,*** below, left to right: Dotti separates eggs, $1.50; Primus slices eggs, $2.50; Columbus cuts egg wedges, $2.25. All: Westmark. Italian grapefruit knife, $3.75; tomato slicer/bar knife, $3.50; wheel pizza cutter, $2. All: Higgens Cutlerers, 575 Madison Ave., N. Y. ***Gourmet station,*** right: Arthur Umanoff's design of wrought iron, chopping-block top, wicker spice basket, $200. Part of a handcraft program operating in Black Mountain, N. C., El Salvador, and Ecuador. At RMH International, Rockefeller Center, N. Y.





Salem

Enjoy the Springtime charm of Salem.

The springtime charm bracelet Jennifer is wearing consists of an owl, four-leaf clover, rabbit, butterfly, lady bug, frog (and, around the bend, a flower sachet and Jade turtle), all in 14 karat gold. If you'd like one, send the end flaps from two Super King Size Salem wrappers and a check for $205.00 to Springtime, P.O. Box 2311, Grand Central, New York, N.Y. 10017.



. . . you can't take the country out of Salem

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HOROSCOPE

September 15 through September 30

ARIES, March 21—April 20. The second half of the month starts with a surprise request to assume a new duty—offering far more opportunity than your present situation. You may feel indecisive (Mercury is retrograde: standing still), but the solution comes of its own accord on the 20th during a period of meditation. On the 23rd and 24th, Mercury and Mars meet—they are in the same degree—and act simultaneously to produce practical actions for the remainder of the month. The most productive day is the 25th. For enduring results, prepare to initiate all projects that have been held in abeyance exactly on the 30th—the new moon, beginning a new era.

TAURUS, April 21—May 20. *Uranus, planet of transformation, combines with your ruler, Venus, to tempt you from present programs into more progressive ideas. You may be persuaded to move quickly toward acceptance on the 17th. A signal on the 18th warns to wait. On the 23rd, take time to confer with a loved one. On the 24th, when Saturn is in your sign, Taurus, you realize the conservatism of those with whom you would have to work. Unless you feel able to support a rigid program, postpone commitment until the new moon on the 30th. Then the events produce facts to substantiate clearly the wisdom of your move into new and heavy responsibilities.*

GEMINI, May 21—June 21. During the first week when Mercury is retrograde (standing still), though you have resolved your intentions, your co-workers may seem to drift. This waiting period is not a cancellation but a postponement of your interests. Not until the 24th is the action renewed. A stimulating new associate enters the group on the 25th—just what was needed to introduce new procedures. As Mercury moves toward help from Saturn (both in Earth signs), practical ideas emerge to support the whole plan. Efforts to renew interest or improve the plan should be ready for action at the new moon on the 30th—the best period to assure success.

CANCER, June 22—July 22. At the start of this period, the 16th and 17th, the opposition may have the right of way. Not until the 19th will your program, already formed, resume. Put your business interests into working order during the next three days. The advantages that Neptune brought while in a Water sign friendly to you—Scorpio, power—are drawing to a close. There should be no slack in the lines drawn to fulfill your vision. Information received on the 23rd reinforces your plans. On the morning of the 24th, communicate with one you love to receive spiritual encouragement. The 29th, the day before the new moon, has the key to your fall program.

LEO, July 23—August 23. *Both Sun (power) and Mercury (negotiator) continue to occupy your second house (income), suggesting two incomes. The best offers come on the 21st. Neither accept nor sign until the 25th, when a change in the proposals gives better advantage. More responsibilities mean heavier duty after the 27th. The new moon on the 30th in Libra sends you on a number of journeys through the authority of your many new associate-bosses, who place you in a decision period for the rest of the year. The problem may lie in deciding on which duty to concentrate your energies. The newest idea should be developed fully to insure and support your future.*

VIRGO, August 24—September 22. Your ruler, Mercury, remains in Virgo (services) strengthened by Mars (force) and Sun (authority). This combination should provide many cooperative business associates ready to give advice and assistance and should put your own efforts in top form. If the important message you receive on the 24th is dealt with at once, it could bring something you have long wished for. During the next six days, push every project that has been waiting for a propitious moment; this period is joyous, with active Mars in your sign supporting you. Pressure those in power for advancement—keep the pace high to gain every advantage.

LIBRA, September 23—October 23. Under the influence of Mars in Virgo, you are being pressured into completing an assignment by a business associate who realizes that the time is right for an increase in income. Curb the desire to spend instead of accumulating. From the 22nd to the end of the month is an excellent period of advancement with many new financial offers. A suggestion on the 26th provides a personal benefit. A settling of a property investment may come your way. As the month ends with a new moon in your sign, an unusual proposal will find you unprepared. Total concentration and control are needed to grasp this rare opportunity.

SCORPIO, October 24—November 22. *As Jupiter, now in your sign, gains momentum, you may wish to be extravagant and to open up your horizons; but you will need the planet of negotiation, Mercury, to communicate your ideas. Not until it moves forward on the 23rd, will events guide you. To insure success, on the 25th consider a message from an associate whose idea starts you on the expansive endeavour. Take time out on the 26th and 27th to gather strength. During the last three days, Jupiter (ideas) is in a strong position with Uranus (the new), and the new moon is in Libra (potential partners): Those who will offer you new financial backing should appear.*

SAGITTARIUS, November 23—December 21. You may feel some anxiety, for your program seems to be at a standstill. Use this waiting time to prepare for action after the 21st. On the 22nd, your partnership planet (Mercury, associates) brings a confidential message that rewards your wait. You will have useful material that puts you ahead of the competition. The 28th suits to begin your negotiations in secret. Move swiftly the next two days to insure the success of your dream. Since your ruler, Jupiter, has now entered Scorpio—the sign behind your own—many of your ideas may have to be planned behind the scenes before they reach public acceptance.

CAPRICORN, December 22—January 19. Waiting for plans already formed to get under way does not daunt you. Time is always your ally. Mercury is an Earth sign (Virgo) like yours, but does not give you the signal to move until the 21st. An old business friendship renewed on the 24th or 25th leads to circumstances that will strengthen an old project that has been revived. On the morning of the 29th, you become aware of the project's full potential and the best way in which to realize it. Most important is the re-emergence of the old friendship; this leads to a happy experience.

AQUARIUS, January 20—February 18. *Jupiter, high in your tenth house of reputation, promises you the spotlight to provoke public interest in a project to improve man's comfort. Since your ruler is in the ninth house of travel and law, you may make some journeys in circulating your idea. Whatever you have to offer, remember that you need the help of Mercury to announce it; that help will be available on the 21st. Gather coworkers to project your plans for the remainder of the month, in an all-out effort to establish your project's foundation at the remarkable new moon on the 30th. No time is more appropriate to launch your ideologies.*

PISCES, February 19—March 20. As your ruler, Neptune, is coming to the end of its transit through the sign of Scorpio into the sign of Sagittarius, there will be swift changes at the end of this month. From the 16th to the 22nd, the Sun (drama) in Virgo (Earth) cooperating with Neptune's position in Scorpio could attract an unusual "dream come true" love to you. Your Piscean indecisiveness should not be allowed to prevail, particularly since Mercury (decisions) occupies your partnership (marriage) house. From the 23rd to the 30th is an ideal time for affairs of the heart. If business interests intrude, the new moon on the 30th suits those purposes.

BY MARIA ELISE CRUMMERE



MAYA MORIN, Italian film actress, appears in Federico Fellini's SATYRICON.
Her "Galliano Gold" gown is by famed Italian designer Biki of Milan. Photographed at "Palatine Hill," Rome.

MEN IN VOGUE

...NOTES, QUOTES, AND VOTES



On the luxury track for men...

Luxury to a man? The understated, practical best. Sterling example: the Aston-Martin DB-S. Hand-built, fast, yet so tightly made that it rights itself in skids, practically driver-proof. $17,900 fully equipped. More male luxury: **1.** No-wrinkle comfort for driving—Mirsa's black-and-white wool double-knit suit, $175. Bergdorf Goodman. **2.** High, soft, brown calf boot to tuck trousers into. Snaps, zips, $50. Latinas, 769 Madison Ave. **3.** Gentleman's put-together by Bill Blass for PBM. Navy-bone-and-scarlet wool jacket, $135; bird's eye printed wool knit shirt in Burgundy and navy, $55; tan cavalry twill trousers, $50. Bonwit Teller. **4.** Bisque canvas mac. suave cut, Borrego South African lamb lining, about $350. Bergdorf Goodman. English riding boots, $65. H. Kauffman & Sons, 139 E. 24th St. **5.** Solid gold Rolex, no-nonsense luxury. $1,125. At Tiffany.

JOHN COWAN



Crompton is velveteen.

Aquanala town coat with hat. Crompton jaguar printed cotton velveteen.
Zepel* finish. 6-16. About $130. Lord & Taylor, New York & all stores; Neiman-Marcus, Dallas; Harzfeld's, Kansas City; I. Magnin, West Coast.

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SEPTEMBER 15, 1970

VOGUE'S EYE VIEW: PARIS

SAINT LAURENT

PENN

Paris is a town with no hangups; come hell or high water, French fashion goes its own merry way giving us pleasure, beauty, gaiety—but solemnity, jamais! Craftsmanship is serious, the spirit is light. And perhaps Saint Laurent in this turbanned, wedgie'd, knee-length, bright-feathered Carmen Miranda parody of the 40's is having a little laugh at us for failing to see the light . . . urging us to see it . . . to be free, incautious, and divinely inconsistent in the way we dress. So let's relax, yes? Let's not get uptight about anything and stay loose about everything—wear our skirts to the calf today, to the ankle tomorrow, and never ever worry about hemlines again. Let's enjoy them all—all the different lengths and looks, all the wit and humour of Paris.

P

CHANEL

...and the short jacket, the exciting jacket of Paris. The swing of it has never made Chanel clothes so beautiful, never as divine as this time...the eternal feminine delicious thing of a woman jumps forever from this genius of a woman. And all are worn here by a young beautiful Frenchwoman, Diane de Monbrison.

PARIS

Everything about Chanel's suits gives them their luxury, their femininity, their totally French allure. The question of length doesn't matter to Chanel—"I don't care about it," she said in a recent interview with Jacques Chazot on French television, "it doesn't interest me, it doesn't concern me; lengthening or shortening a dress doesn't mean a thing. It's a question of taste, of the times, of the season, of where one lives."... **Look at the divine fabric,** left, a magnified view of the bouclé tweed suit shown on page 72: mohair and wool in scarlet, Burgundy, and goldenrod yellow plaided with narrow ribbons of woven silk, Luksus-TSM fabric. **Look at the jacket and dress,** right—printed chiffon and a thousand tucks; pale shades of orange, yellow, beige crossed with bands of gold lamé... a work of pure fastidiousness and luxury. Here and on the next four pages, all the jewels—"I prefer them fake"—and accessories are by Chanel. Diane de Monbrison's coiffures are by Guillaume. That other, and unseen, luxury so completely Chanel is No. 5—it's everywhere.

ARNAUD DE ROSNAY



CHANEL

...and the short jacket...and lovely knits! All the charm in the world.... Chanel's suits could only have been made by a woman as eternally feminine as Chanel—"I think women are right to want to remain women and not be *je ne sais pas quoi.*"

Suits like this luxurious bouclé tweed plaided with ribbons, left—the one you saw close up on Diane de Monbrison two pages back: jacket swinging just to the waist, dress buttoning down one side as far as you like. Suit in Luksus-TSM fabric. **Knits like this delicious short-jacket suit,** right—fuchsia, Burgundy, and orange knitted stripes circling down between slices of oatmeal-grained white wool; a Burgundy crêpe shirt goes under the little swing of jacket, a row of stitched pleats down the front of the skirt. I. Magnin.

ARNAUD DE ROSNAY

PARIS

The moment you slip your arm into the sleeve of a little Chanel jacket, you have such a wonderful feeling of well-being and all's right with the world; you're set for anything— "A woman," says Danielle Darrieux as Coco in the New York musical, "needs independence, not equality. In most cases, equality is a step down."... **The short-jacket suit in mauve-pink tweed,** left, flecked with cindery greys and browns, has simply wide revers, stitched pleats, and a clean white cotton shirt tied with a floppy black gauze bow. **The black matelassé,** right, has just a trace of embroidery on the lapels, a single button at the waist, a panelled skirt, and a scarfed pink crêpe shirt—that's it, and sublime.

CHANEL

...and the short jacket...a well-cut piece of cloth and a clean shirt and black cravat, and that's all...but Chanel's suits are so luxurious...a young woman with marvellous legs, a beautiful throat, and a small head would look extraordinary in them, as Diane de Monbrison does here.

ARNAUD DE ROSNAY



The leotard under everything, above—black ribbed wool under a bright-violet leather weskit laced up through giant grommets and cut in long points . . . shiny gloves, shiny boots . . . and Lauren looking at you through big lop-sided shades. To order at Bonwit Teller. Cardin hat.

PENN



CARDIN An infatuation of glorious

girls like Lauren Hutton and Birgitta Sayn-Wittgenstein
who will swing through streets and countrysides
all over the world in their basic knitted leotards under
leather weskits with lacing and grommets,
under suède coats with long long slashes...and the
slashes swing, the legs swing, and the look is all legs.
It's something to see—modern and thrilling.

Cardin's thriller-diller slit coat, above,
worn by Birgitta—grommet-laced
café-au-lait suède slashed straight from the
waist over a hooded black ribbed
leotard—panels swinging, legs swinging,
the more the merrier. To order
at Bonwit Teller. Both pages:
Cardin glasses, gloves, leotards, boots.

PENN

PARIS

CARDIN

Charly wears his sleeveless coats
slit 2, 3, 4 times straight from the waist
to the hem . . . and narrow beautiful
pants to the bottom of the calf, falling
as lightly as a sleeve on the leg . . .
legs flash everywhere at once and the
swing is too dramatic for words.



Raggedy-shaggedy wool, left, lining a long off-white cardigan coat open straight down the front, slit straight down the back. With a black ribbed leotard underneath and a matching shaggedy wool toque heading it all off. To order: Bonwit Teller. Jewellery: Liza Miller for Cardin. **Black knit slit twice,** right: the sleeveless coat with four panels of skirt swinging over slightly shorter pants in black knit. Plus a white ribbed turtleneck, white knit pompon cap, white boots. Coat and pants, of wool jersey (Leonard fabric). To order: Bonwit Teller. Belt: Genevieve Clement. Alexandre coiffure.

PENN

SAINT LAURENT

The world of suède...

the world of nailheads on suède...

the world of knits...all these

for Lauren Hutton....And the

world of checks for Mouche.

You've never seen a coat like this, left, or a more supple, beautifully cut piece of suède—black bands the neck, then curls and furls along the side-closed border and is nailed down lightly in steel on midnight blue. Lauren wears it with Saint Laurent's soft-brimmed furry hat. Coat to order at I. Magnin. Gloves by Buscarlet.

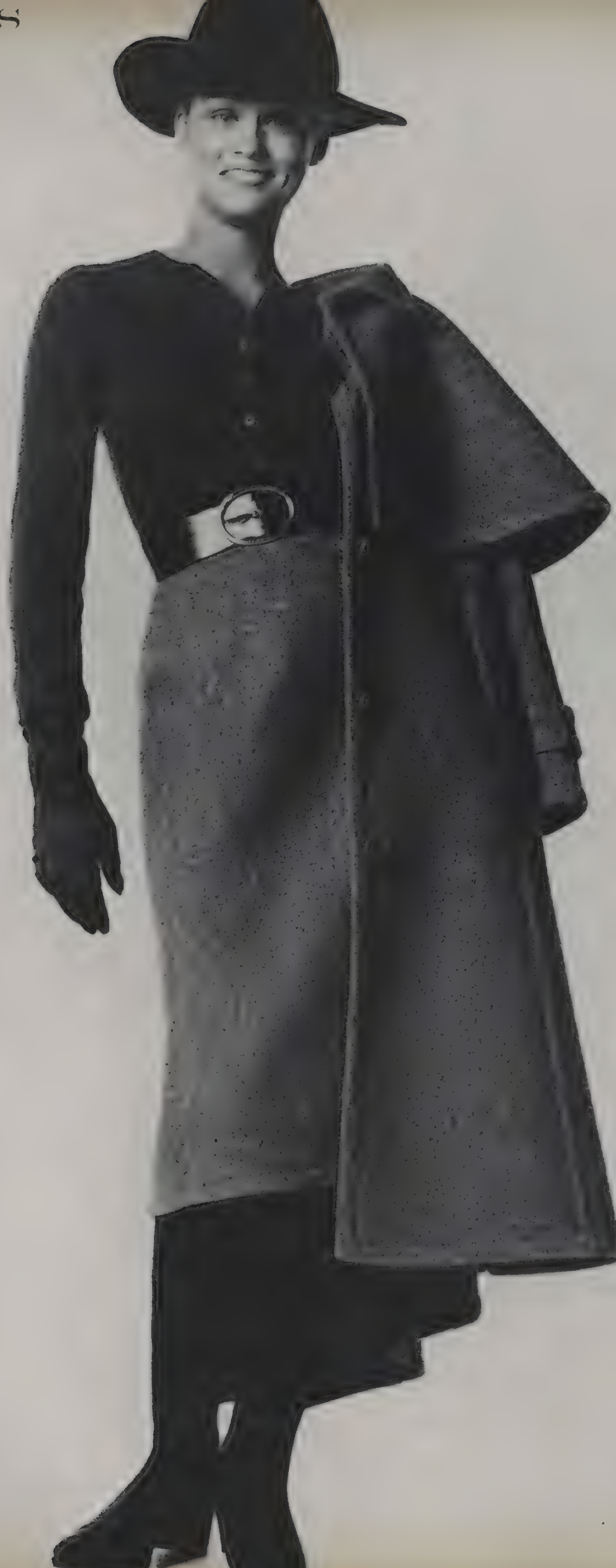
The superdress, near right, and Lauren in it—forest-green knitted cashmere simply zipped and slit. Perfect. Racine fabric. Lord & Taylor. To order, I. Magnin.

Small checks—the scale is everything, opposite page, and Mouche wears both these marvellous prints. Centre right, Saint Laurent's belted shirtcoat in thin wool checks with foulard silk checks wrapped at the neck—Mme. Brossin de Méré's mosaics of mauve, Burgundy, and slate grey. To order, I. Magnin. Far right, another mosaic worked on a small, small scale in orange, mauve, blue, brown, and beige wool; the collarless dress is buttoned halfway down and pleated all the way. Abraham wool. To order, I. Magnin. On both pages: Saint Laurent hats, scarfs, stockings, boots, shoes ...and his love letter "Y."

PARIS

PENN

PARIS



GIVENCHY

The sweater and skirt at its most, the way every woman would love to wear it—with a cape coat, soft trilby—worn here by Lauren Hutton....Charly wears the artist-smock tunic over lacquered black kidskin pants thin as gloves...and the luxurious patchwork suède coat lined with Persian.

Sweater and skirt turned out to perfection, left: Brown cashmere cardigan belted tightly into a grey Shetland skirt; matching Shetland cape coat shaped to the waist...with that soft velours trilby, good leather belt, suède gloves and boots—a great great look for day. Nattier fabric. At I. Magnin.

Montmartre-tunic and pants, near right: Black jersey smock, pants of thin-as-gloves lacquered black kid, kid boots—everything easy, relaxed, smashing. Marshall Field; I. Magnin. Alexandre coiffure.

Suède patchwork, fur-lined, far right—Givenchy's superb wrap coat in shades of grey, the grey Persian lamb lining pushing through the patches like moss through flagstones—unbeatable, the way Paris puts leather together. Marshall Field; I. Magnin. Hats, gloves, glasses by Givenchy. Boots by Mancini for Givenchy.

PENN



PARIS

DIOR

The femininity, the sense of couture in a serene long Mandarin coat of quilted Paisley satin, worn by Mouche . . . divinely small and fragile at the top . . . a burst of fox cuffs, a small bandaged head with pillbox top.

Quilted satin evening coat printed in magenta, red, black, olive, touches of white. High armholes, side closing, a narrow black suède tape wrapped at a high waist. Of silk and viscose (Bianchini fabric). To order: Bonwit Teller; I. Magnin. Gloves by Buscarlet. More Dior femininity—the silky, sparkling fragrance of Miss Dior.



PENN

GRÈS

How delectable she can make a woman look and feel in her clothes—discreet and sexy, wrapped in brocade with legs coming through in soft little jersey breeches, and completely covered from the waist up.

Long-sleeved sweater and knee breeches of claret jersey, worn by Mouche with a tiny hooded-top sweater of pine-green angora jersey. The long wrapped skirt, Paisley lamé—mostly deep red and green, with gold and silver threads. Skirt, Bianchini fabric. Véron jersey. To order: I. Magnin. Gleaming metal jewellery with blue cabochon stones, by Gripoix. Shoes: Roger Vivier for Grès. Alexandre coiffure. Delicious with this—the contemporary drama and stir-causing persistence of Cabochard, a perfume full of green woods and exotic flowers, by Grès.

PARIS

COURRÈGES

grouped his clothes in three categories. Hyperbole priced at $90, ready made ...Couture Future at $200, ready made... and Haute Couture $000,000,000,000, made for you....What a great idea! Now more pretty girls can have more of the charming, practical, well-priced things they love... like the nifty, knitted jumpsuits Lynn Sutherland wears here—one-piece, slack, easy, and terrific.

Snap up this jumpsuit, left, or leave it unsnapped and your legs walk right out—brown wool jersey from Courrèges Couture Future with snap closings on shiny brown fake-leather tabs. To order at Bonwit Teller; Sakowitz; I. Magnin.

Long spare ribs, right, at a spare little Hyperbole price—pale-blue knit jumpsuit flashed up with shiny white fake leather on tabs, pockets, cuffs. And it's snap-closed like Dr. Denton's! Alexandre coiffures.

ARNAUD DE ROSNAY



PARIS

COURRÈGES

...ll the good-looking, fast and easy clothes a girl could want... Lynn Sutherland wears the little knit pantsuit with a small jacket... and coats that belt over leotards, boots, the works!

Small jacket and pants from the $90-and-up Hyperbole group, above: Sharp pale-grey Shetland knit with pockets and big round white snaps everywhere. Plus a white ribbed turtleneck under the jacket.

ARNAUD DE ROSNAY



Sham of a lamb from the $200-and-up Couture Future group, left: Shaggy white fake Mongolian coat with white vinyl sleeves, bands, and belt. Brown ribbed leotard and brown thigh-high jumper underneath; white vinyl boots; orange-peel orange knitted gloves. To order at Bonwit Teller; Sakowitz; I. Magnin.

Great little knit coat from the $90-and-up Hyperbole group, above: Heavy pale-grey Shetland with high-buttoned pockets, deep vent in back, and a low-slung belt over a white ribbed leotard with an orange neckband; white vinyl boots. Courrèges gloves, shoes, boots. Alexandre coiffures.

PARIS

SAINT LAURENT

A miracle of shape—
his coat of dark suède
patches whipstitched
together. Long, luxurious,
worn by Charly,
with a big furry, felt
hat, D'Artagnan plumes.

Suède coat in sections of Burgundy, navy, browns, olives, joined with brown leather thread. Collarless top, skirt flared at the hem. Over a belted dress of dark grey satin. To order: I. Magnin. Gloves by Buscarlet. Hat and boots by Saint Laurent. Perfume for it all: Saint Laurent's "Y."



GIVENCHY

Like a Proustian housekeeper—
strict, fitted, flounced—
a ravishing dress of violet
faille with velvet dots, velvet
scallops, on Ingrid Boulting.

Brilliant violet evening dress of stiff faille embroidered in darker violet velvet chenille. The jacket top, very fitted at the waist, flared and flounced over the hips. Long flounced skirt, gathered on a narrow waistband. Of Abraham fabric. To order: Bonwit Teller; Joseph Horne; I. Magnin. Shoes: Mancini for Givenchy. Dynel hairpiece arranged by Alexandre. Also fitting here—Givenchy's perfume, L'Interdit.





Russian muzhik breeches and tunic in tweedy knit, left—cracked-wheat beiges mixed with grey; Charly's neck is wrapped with a muffler and the tunic is pulled way down, like a long sweater, over the peasant pants and boots. Tweed jersey by Forneris.

The knitted chemise dress, near right, that Saint Laurent does in tweedy mixtures again and again—Charly wears this cranberry, rust, and dark brown mixture under a beautifully shaped wine-red calfskin coat. With it, a large plumed hat by Saint Laurent. Tweed jersey by Forneris.

That absolutely simple knit again, centre right—and Charly—this time in a tomato-and-beige mix; the dress just falls along the body without any fit or any slit. Helita wool. Saint Laurent watch cap and muffler.

Patchwork suède whipstitched into shape—and what shape, far right: the pinky-beige coat curves in close towards the shoulder and flares out fast to a wide nine-tenths length; Lauren's put it on over boots and suède gauchos patterned with nailheads and fringed. Saint Laurent muffler. Turnouts on both pages, to order at I. Magnin. All boots by Saint Laurent; coiffures by Alexandre.

PARIS

DAVID BAILEY

SAINT LAURENT

Knits, knits, knits…divine coats in leather and in suède to go over them and over everything else, the way Lauren Hutton and Charly wear them here.



PARIS



DIOR

Any woman anywhere on earth would want to own these totally feminine clothes—practical, delightful little jackets, belted pullovers, smashing pants and skirts to wear under good coats and fur-lined capes with soft little felt hacking hats and crochet cloches... worn here by Mouche and Ingrid Boulting.

Little cropped jacket and widening pants of olive jersey, opposite page, left, along with a vicuña overcoat and brown crochet cloche flipped back over Mouche's forehead. Racine wool jersey; Agnona vicuña. Marshall Field; Holt Renfrew of Canada. To order: I. Magnin. **The perfect jersey pullover plus pants,** opposite page, right: heather brown with narrow long sleeves and shape, hip-belted over beautifully creased taupe gabardine pants—worn by Ingrid Boulting with brown foulard at the neck. Racine jersey; Besson gabardine. With a long belted gabardine jacket, not shown, at Lord & Taylor. To order: I. Magnin. **Dior's sensational cape turnout,** this page, simple as something you'd wear in the shooting field—brown suède shirt-jacket belted over a black jersey skirt; black jersey cape cut a touch longer and lined with hamster ...smashing look all hatted and gloved and booted for day. Leonard wool jersey. To order: I. Magnin. Hats, gloves, shoes, and boots, by Dior.

UNGARO

**Taking the soft line—
a long belted trenchcoat
with big long pockets
on Charly; a bias jumpsuit
on Pilar Crespi with
legs flaring from the knee
...and large, marvellous
ripple-up-in-back
hats on both.**



Belted coat, this page, of olive-brown fake velours with welted seams everywhere. Wide pointed collar; shirt sleeves with deep barrel cuffs; four buttoned pockets—two small, two enormous; skirt with great length and sweep. Underneath, one of his great bias jumpsuits in jersey. Coat of Fransa fabric. Martha; Neiman-Marcus. Shoes: Ungaro-Parallele. Alexandre coif with Dynel hairpieces.
Jumpsuit, opposite, of khaki jersey, completely bias. Blouson top, squared-off ascot, full shirt sleeves, the front, tabbed. and zipped. Pants narrower at the thigh, flaring to the hem. Of Racine wool. Martha. To order: Neiman-Marcus. Hats by Ungaro. Coiffure by Alexandre.

SPECIAL REPORT

PA

We are in Paris where perfection is for sale. In selecting the clothes from the French couture for our readers' pleasure and information, we have chosen for this issue those clothes which, in our opinion, are the most French and show examples of the thinking and meaning of total looks and intelligent fashion from the great workshops of Paris.

Each designer has his own view, deeply felt and meant, and brought to a perfection through the superb workrooms of the maisons de couture, where each and every worker has an equal passion to perfect each garment he or she works on.

To go into a great French fashion house with its high-ceilinged rooms, filled with massed flowers and ferns, is always an event of refreshment and excitement. At the time of the opening for the press from Scandinavia, Holland and Belgium, Italy and England, America and France there are dashing personalities of every nationality...rich merchants' wives from Beirut and Kuwait...jewellers and diamond merchants and the great fabric makers of Switzerland and Italy, France and England. Fashion draws a fascinated and extraordinary audience and it is because fashion is totally fascinating. It is one of the strongest forces in our world. However simple and subtle are the lines of the clothes worn by the defiant, cool mannequins, however voyant and extreme, there is not a sound in the audience. Each costume is carefully studied as no one person is sufficiently expert to take for granted the surprise bias of cut in the back of a shirt, the large ripple of a lapel, or the subtle drop of a shorter slack over a boot of mysterious Japanese fabricated leather.

The intelligence, the cut, the excellence of workmanship that go into every look—that makes the purity and dash of true French couture. Paris shows us all the variations and wonderful opportunities of great fashion...clothes for women of all ages all over the world....One chooses any direction as long as one feels the rhythm which all great clothes carry within them.

For any day, every day: The greatest skirt in the world, long, slashed, unbuttoned or unzipped up the front, worn with a neat little pullover, ovalled away from the throat or turtlenecked, worn inside or outside....The same pullover with pants....Add a soft felt hacking hat and a smashing leather coat with or without slits. Or a wool coat hugged in close at the top with wide lapels, a burst of fullness in the skirt with a slash at the back like a military topcoat. Practical, delightful. Any woman who is worth her salt will want to own these clothes.

On with the slash and the slit....On with good classic fabrics and mixtures of fabrics....On with leather and suède...with leather patchwork whip-stitched together.

RIS

Knits forever. The knit-two-purl-two look in delicious heathery mixes. Pants bloused into boots. Totally knitted chemise dresses falling straight and long with no openings, like extended pullovers....The knitted jumpsuit—one-piece, slack and easy—amusing, terrific....Have one for evening: a blaze of brown paillettes.

In every collection the waist-length jacket is the exciting jacket—worn with a shirt and a seven-eighths or nine-tenths skirt, worn over nine-tenths culottes or pants....This is the suit, the fashion you'll see in the streets, the look you'll want. Find the proportion that's right for you and wear it every day.

For a great beginning try a leotard—black or white, ribbed and knitted from the tips of your toes to its warm little turtleneck. And take it from there. Add a snappy leather vest falling in points to the thighs, laced and grommetted up the front. Add a tunic or a jumper; it's all yours. Or pants that fall as lightly as a sleeve on the leg, stopped just below the calf; then boots; and a coat—café-au-lait suède perhaps—often split and flying two, three, or four times, waist to hem. You walk...and it swings, showing flash after flash of leg...it's 1970's clothed nude descending a staircase, swinging through the streets, swinging all over the world.

The most important things in Paris are boots, legs, slashes, lacing, emphatic belts, and modern silver jewellery—shining and clean. The silhouette falls in between and the great put-together is the fashion.

Boots march on in every height, from ankle to thigh—silvered stretchy fake alligator, black velvet, gleaming white patent, and marvellous suède, easy as a glove. The heel is a matter of choice, with 2¼" coming on very smart....Newer than boots: crisscross sandal-strapping from ankle to knee; heels with this too.... Stockings matte and patterned; brown and black lace or red lace for evening.

Fascinating colours: subtle raisin tones, dubonnet, crushed raspberry red, deep forest greens, charcoal, gunmetal....Occasionally fuchsia, delicate other-worldly pinks, and strong brave violets.

The girls of Paris have never looked more tantalizing or more appealing; they seem full of secrets and sweetness....One of the mannequins has ink-black hair falling full and straight to the middle of the throat, no eyebrows, and eyelids painted exactly fuchsia, giving her face the look of a fragile flower on a stem.

Evening is black velvet—polished silver plaques or dog collars on a black velvet *robe de style* with huge sleeves....Or a long narrow-bodied black crêpe dress ruffled at the hem, the wrists, even the neck....Everything discreet, covered, narrow....Magnificent and strict as a housekeeper out of Proust: a dress of deep violet faille, narrow-sleeved, shaped to the waist, then a correct flounce which is repeated at the hem of the wide skirt. Divine....And on the first bright chill night of winter you can wrap yourself in a black wool cape charmed with a big fat muff of black fox.

Variety is the great big glorious word in lights in fashion now. Don't worry about contradictions—they're part of the vitality and momentum. With a cool head and a fast check on the nerve-centres of fashion, you can reach out and take what you want...play the looks you like. And if you loved your legs in the mini, take a new look at them legging along in a skirt slashed to there....

DV.

PENN

FRAUD

"Oh, Ronnie, it was lovely. For it to be nice for you, I mean."

"But what was it like for you?"

"It was absolutely the first time it's ever not been horrible."

"But it wasn't nice at all?"

"Not really, no. But I don't mind that a bit and you're not to either. It was so absolutely non-horrible that it was very very nearly tremendously nice. And just think, Ronnie. It being completely non-horrible must mean it could start to get nice one day, isn't that right?"

"Of course, it's bound to. It'll be better and better every time from now on. You'll see."

"Oh Ronnie, I. . . I want to ask you something while I remember. Why did you say to Mummy I didn't know what I wanted?"

"Yes, that's been bothering me too. I really don't know why I said it, except that it seemed so much the thing to say at that point. That's the trouble with corny things, isn't it? Because you mean you do know what you want?"

"You bet I do. I always have. A nice man all to myself. What could be simpler than that? To want, I mean. Getting one's another matter."

"Well, you've been going about it in such a bloody silly way, haven't you?"

"I know, I must have known all the time, but it was the only way I could think of. I was so afraid of people noticing I thought the whole thing was horrible that I kept making this big point of how keen on it I was. Like if you were marketing a car that was really tremendously unsafe you'd go on and on about how frightfully safe it was. Well, you might."

"Yes, you might. I'm going to have a cigarette."

"Go ahead. And it worked, you know, in a way, that was the funny thing."

"Eh? What worked?"

"Well, I mean nobody did notice. That I thought it was horrible, I mean. Until you came along. Ronnie, don't you think it's a pity in a way that there has to be sex? You know, between two people?"

"No. Anyway, how do you mean?"

"It would be so much easier all around if you could just get your sex done on your own and then have a lovely time talking to people and being affectionate with them? Like eating? That's not a thing you have to do *to* someone."

Ronnie put his cigarette down. "Listen. Darling."

"Oh, darling. Yes?"

"That's all balls. Isn't it?"

"Yes, I suppose it is."

I Want It Now BY KINGSLEY AMIS

"You *can't* have meant what you said just now."

"I bet I did, but what was it?"

"About not—about simply not hurting my feelings in bed—about not caring about me, in fact."

"Oh that. Mmm. 'Fraid you're wrong."

"Women can't pretend to that extent; it's an absurd exaggeration—just because you don't want—" but she interrupted him:

"They can pretend and most of them do. And most of them get away with it. You can always get away with it, in fact, except in one situation."

"And what's that?" He thought he was speaking calmly and merely folded his arms to stop himself shaking.

Ginny was back in her original leaning position in the doorway. "If the man is really, honestly, completely in love with you, you couldn't cheat," she said, "it wouldn't work and you wouldn't want to anyway, there'd be no need." Her voice went back to what it usually was. "But oh brother—it's the way to find out whether a man loves you. It's the—big—infallible test. It always works."

"You mean you pretend, and if he doesn't catch on it means he doesn't love you?"

She gave a little nod, and then slid slowly down with her backbone against the frame until she was sitting on the floor. Then she said again, "It always works."

Something in Disguise BY ELIZABETH JANE HOWARD

IN BED

EDITOR'S NOTE: *A jape about sex by two famous English novelists, married to each other: Kingsley Amis, whose books include* Lucky Jim *and* I Want It Now, *published by Harcourt, Brace & World, and Elizabeth Jane Howard, whose books include* Something in Disguise, *published by The Viking Press. Although there is much sexual expertise talked about—as though the discussion were about the tasting of a prime salad or a great Burgundy—the Amises think that not all the discussants get all that much pleasure. Here, an excerpt from the latest Amis, another from the latest Howard, and some further views by Elizabeth Jane Howard.*

BY ELIZABETH JANE HOWARD

"The nasty side of married life," my grandmother called it. "I lie on my back and think of England," a lady of the same generation is reputed to have said. Mention either of these remarks in any company and watch for the indulgent, socially evolved smiles. Things are quite different now. Everybody's doing it, and what's more, everybody is marvellous at it. Everybody loves it: It's free, easy, and good for you. It is no longer something that men can't help doing, but if they are gentlemen at least they turn out the lights. It's something for the chicks as well: the female orgasm—excepting for tremendously advanced and angry feminists—is taken for granted, so if anyone *isn't* having a whale of a time, there must be something wrong with *them*. The nineteenth-century gentleman who said that no decent woman could be expected to do more than suffer her husband's attentions is—not surprisingly—dead: There is absolutely no excuse left for any girl. A new age of hypocrisy is at its zenith.

Whereas in the nineteenth century a woman was told (roughly speaking) that sex was disgusting/unimportant/unladylike and that children and the household were the thing, she is now told (roughly speaking) that sex is fabulous, easy, and the main point of any relationship with the opposite sex—children are a separate career and the household a sideline. (I am concentrating upon the woman's situation simply because men are allowed to be Prime Ministers or dentists at the same time as being husbands/lovers/fathers and also because their sexual satisfactions are, crudely speaking, far easier to gauge.) Any fool of a woman must know in the end if a man does not want her, but I suspect that increasing quantities of men are fooled by women who may perhaps love and want them but from their point of view to no avail, although they dare not say so. How could they say so—if it is all supposed to be so easy, and natural, and marvellous? It sounds offensive to the loved one—a reflection upon him, and far worse, if he repudiates that notion, a reflection upon *her*. And if she is a neurotic, ill-made exception to the social rule, but is (naturally) in love with a marvellous man, won't he (naturally) gravitate towards those myriad others who find the whole business much simpler—who really are what everyone is supposed to be, "fabulous in bed"?

So how many people, do you think, will lie and pretend to give the appearance of conforming to the social mean? (Any social mean that someone feels that they aren't conforming to is usually imaginary, but how does that help?) If you think that everybody except you is jolly good in bed, being wrong about the everybody else won't help you at all with what the ads call "him."

We have to face the fact that we are all supposed to be Romeo and Juliet. We have been supposed to be them for years, but the concept of what they stood for has naturally changed with the ages. During the nasty side of married life they stood for undying love, a romantic loyalty perhaps rather kindly rewarded by early death. In this age they stand for immediate and successful sex. A point that Shakespeare would be the first to agree with would be that both Romeo and Juliet are *not* the norm; were unusual. It was not fashionable in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries to write about the L.C.M. [lowest common multiple] of human relations.

The fact is that very very few of us meet Apollo or Aphrodite and rise starry-eyed from our first sexual encounter with them. Nonetheless, even fewer of us are prepared to admit to any degree of failure. On the whole it is plain argument to reason that in a society where people either have not talked about the subject at all, or told various kinds of lies about it, few men are going to understand the need to be skillful about arousing and satisfying a woman. Yet it is certainly true that women who are either unaroused or unsatisfied make far from ideal partners.

What *is* "being good in bed," after all? The first requisite must surely be enthusiasm for the project, and people don't go on being enthusiastic about anything unless they are enjoying it somehow or other. But fear, vanity, and other people's lies combine to continue an age-old, not to mention nation-wide, conspiracy of fraud in bed. Girls pretend to enjoy it, and men either pretend to believe them or really do. The conspiracy is provably more nation-wide than age-old: We have seen, for instance, that there have certainly been eras when women were not expected to enjoy it so that if they didn't, at least they didn't have to pretend that they did.

The really disheartening feature of the lies is that they are self-propelling, or dynamic, as it were. Once you have pretended to enjoy it, how can you stop? If you say simply that it has stopped being wonderful, surely your partner is going to feel that it must be him you are tired of rather than sex. If you admit to it never having been wonderful (a blow below the belt if ever there was one), your partner has really got to be in love with you to stand the shock to his pride. If he *doesn't* love you, deeply wounded vanity will prevail, the only sop to which will be your incurable frigidity (it is extraordinary how many men soothe themselves with that remark to or about their erstwhile beloved). The woman's retort is usually that the man didn't care in the least for *her*—only for sex.

It is easy to see that these two lies are far more offensive than the ones about everything being marvellous, and therefore they are far less often in use. There are, of course, refreshing exceptions. My husband said that when the subject of sex came up one evening in the pub, the innkeeper immediately said: "Well, I like it, but the wife's never seen anything in it, have you, love?" And she agreed with equally open amiability that no, she never had.

What I don't really understand is why everybody is supposed to be naturally so good at it. It is perfectly understood that young women embarking upon marriage have to learn the rudiments of cooking—often, indeed, going to intricate lengths to avoid the epitaph "She couldn't even boil an egg." Laying these two activities side by side for comparison, I have come quite quickly to the view that it really is a good deal easier to boil an egg.

Many tribes from all over the world have recognized the need for both partners to learn a great deal about the subject before a marriage is consummated. In many kinds of society where the idea of women's rights would be meaningless, successful sex is regarded as essential for a woman—in some tribes the one thing that she may insist upon.

If it could somehow be made all right for the people who tell lies about it to stop telling lies, I wonder whether marriage might not become a much steadier and more lasting contract than in the Western world it now seems to be. Idle speculation—particularly for you, who are probably one of the comparatively few people entirely outside this conspiracy of fraud: In which case you will know more than ever exactly what I mean.

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People are *TALKING* about...



The plow-ahead of Women's Lib with women who don't want to be liberated shook by their threatened rights of alimony. . . . The slippery truth that zero world population growth by 2000 A.D. means the number of people will increase for another fifty years with a level-off then at about fifteen billion. . . . John W. Gardner's plan to nudge government processes with a 400,000-man anti-lobby lobby. . . . The 1970 census finals causing reapportioned Congressional representation, redrawn political districts, some gloating, and more confusion.

People are talking about *. . . The pleasure of watching Danielle Darrieux, with her pretty legs and pretty voice, scooting through* Coco *on Broadway, turning Mlle. Chanel into a racy girl with a deliciously naughty past. . . . The works of Carl Andre, mysterious and simple, often no more than metal tiles lined up on the floor, at The Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum in New York from September 28. . . .* Going All the Way, *a novel by Dan Wakefield who has accurately, unrelentingly shot his tough, funny story of two Korean War veterans with the slang, attitudes, and corn of the 'fifties. . . . Alain Delon and Jean-Paul Belmondo slicked up as Marseilles Mafia of the 'thirties in the movie* Borsalino, *amusing for audiences who now accept mass murder as the farce-film substitute for pie-throwing.*

People are talking about . . . Peter Boyle who plays a stereotype hard-hat as an extended bravura skit in *Joe,* another movie about drugs, sex, youth, and violence, but this one with a credibility gap like a broken zipper. . . . Maggie Lettvin, a chirrupy, flat-bellied, forty-three-year-old physical-fitness nut whose television program *Maggie and the Beautiful Machine* started in Boston on WGBH and next month spreads to 198 stations, exposing members of Maggie's exercise classes who work away on camera at their bulges with the frantic camaraderie of a group of strangers in a lifeboat after the ship has sunk.

People are talking about *. . . In France, the Renaissance château, in the Provençal hill town Gordes, taken over by the important Op artist Vasarely as a think-tower for a society with art as "the driving psychic force" and decorated by him with the dazzle of more than three hundred Vasarely paintings, graphics, and tapestries. . . . Les Charlots, five pop kids whose hit record* Soyez Érotique, *about sex and food, lists explicit recipes for both.*

MICHAEL CRICHTON

Rosy, curly, scrubbed, tall as a chimney, Michael Crichton, twenty-seven years old, has a mind programmed like a C.D.C. 6700 computer. Out of the input, especially from his work at Harvard Medical School where he took his M.D degree after deciding never to practise medicine, Michael Crichton punches novels, science fiction, thrillers, and movies ("Good flower arrangers could write screenplays," he said). Everything he absorbs gets used: His first nonfiction book, *Five Patients,* explains Massachusetts General Hospital where he trained. The oldest of four children of a New York "advertising-type" family, he wrote his first published novel, under a pseudonym, in 1965 and had written six before *The Andromeda Strain* erupted in 1969. A sci-fi grabber about the contamination of Earth by an extraterrestrial organism, it has sold 125,000 hard-cover books for Knopf, is pushing one-and-a-half million paperback for Dell. Now *Andromeda* is a film due to be released at the end of the year, around the time that a new Crichton book, *Dealing,* written with his brother about his brother's experience selling marijuana at college, will appear. Meanwhile, back on the Coast, *Dealing* is becoming a movie while Michael Crichton directs a film of his novel *The Sympathetic Man,* which will be published next summer, and dictates a book, *Cooling,* about the right to die, as he rewrites a book on abortion that once won him, under a pen name, an Edgar Allen Poe best-mystery award and jaunts along on the research staff of The Salk Institute in California. All perfectly clear? Possibly only to Michael Crichton, whose bouncy, outspoken chat, bloomy youth, and loose-jointed energy are as misleading as an advanced nuclear device sewn into Raggedy Andy.

JACK ROBINSON







DEATH IN VENICE

BY THOMAS MANN

Alfred A. Knopf PUBLISHER

People are *TALKING* about ...

LEE GRANT, *above*, the comic actress with reddish hair and crazy hats who would rather act tragedy. She looks thirty, is thirty-nine, and plays dizzy dames over forty. At work on the film version of Neil Simon's *Plaza Suite*, she will play opposite Gig Young in a television drama, *The Neon Ceiling*. Her bits are short, sweet, and funny: the drunken WASP in *The Landlord*, the gumchomping wife in *Buona Sera, Mrs. Campbell*, and, by contrast, a toughie on television's *Peyton Place*. Lee Grant, however, would rather talk about her Broadway appearance in *Electra*. Just now, she's in an identity crisis: "After twenty-one years of acting, I guess I'm finally being discovered." ***LILA KATZEN,*** *top right*, the American artist whose exhibition, "Liquid and Solid," spilling with fluorescent liquids (some shown here in plastic bags) and mirrored and crumpled steel, opens September 19 at the Max Hutchinson Gallery in New York. Tall, with Wonder Woman grey eyes and a collision-course sense of humour, Lila Katzen speaks sci-fi straight out of some space thriller. Her environments, flooded with strange light and littered with rocks, have until now been shown mainly in museums and notably at New York's Architectural League. Her black plastic theatre for the Czech La Taverna Magika at Expo '70 in Osaka, Japan, commissioned before the Russian takeover of Czechoslovakia, hovers like an alien spacecraft: "I want people to dissolve themselves in my work." ***DEATH IN VENICE,*** Luchino Visconti's movie, just completed in Italy from Thomas Mann's extraordinary, mortality-haunted short novel (its cover, *above*), first published in 1913 when Mann was a troubled thirty-eight. During the filming in Venice, Visconti kept three or four cameras running at a time, selecting shots he liked from all the rushes, labouring over details with the insistent, passionate love of hate that he lavished on *The Damned*. Again, Visconti piles up the consequences of German sexuality and the repression it represents for him in his film about a middle-aged man inexplicably in love with a boy he sees on the Lido, a Northerner sadly seduced by his idea of the South. ***DONALD SUTHERLAND,*** *opposite*, thirty-four, Canadian, tall with gooseberry-pale eyes, who plays an Augustinian monk in an extraordinary movie, *The Act of the Heart*, due in October. Until *M*A*S*H*, Sutherland languished doing dreadful but funny, memorable bits, including the voice-over for a computer in *Billion Dollar Brain*. A man of wit and brain who damps his flash with deprecation, he speaks softly, scolds himself, and has referred, pertinently, in the course of one thought to E. M. Forster, Plato, Dostoevski, and Nick Klotz. Comedy overtakes him like a synaptic reflex. His rôle as Hawkeye Pierce, the watery-eyed, womanizing, supercool medic in *M*A*S*H*, dug him out of obscurity into a blaze. Now Sutherland is working in the movie *Klute* with Jane Fonda, while he

LILA KATZEN PHOTOGRAPH: EVA RUBINSTEIN. OTHERS: JACK ROBINSON.

still worries about the world and his sense of humour. ***NEW SPIRAL LEG BRACE,*** *left*, weighing only six ounces and of plastic compound, is, according to Dr. Howard Rusk, head of New York's Institute of Rehabilitation Medicine, rather like the discovery of the wheel for orthopaedic patients with certain muscular and nerve disabilities. Invented by and made under the direction of Hans Richard Lehneis of the Institute, each brace is made much as dentures are—moulded to the measurements of each patient. So far only 125 patients have these handmade, amber-coloured, see-through braces which the patients can wear with any low-heeled shoe. This brace fits the foot, ankle, and leg, ending below the knee, and is comfortable, particularly as the foot can move in any direction. Of no use to patients with broken bones, it is designed for polio and multiple-sclerosis cases, and for certain kinds of stroke cases where the paralysis or spasm is not too severe. Mr. Lehneis, who came to the Institute in 1962 from the New York University School of Engineering and Science, showed his Spiral Brace, which looks rather like plastic sculpture, at the recent American Congress of Rehabilitation Medicine.

IN AMERICA
LOOK AT LOULOU NOW— ALL SHINE
AND DANDY FOR EVENING

AVEDON

LOULOU DE LA FALAISE

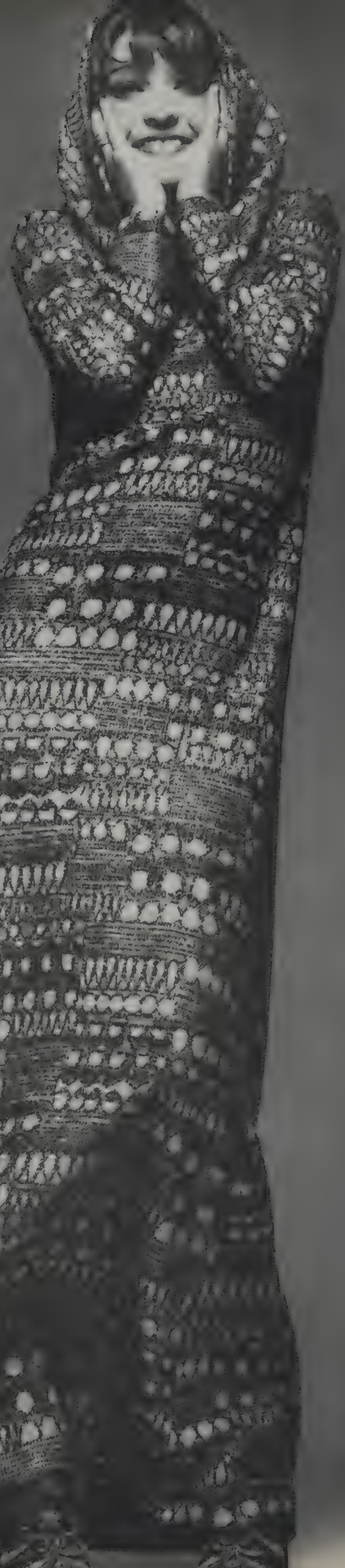


...springs of copper-coloured curls, big blue eyes rimmed with kohl, paper-clip thin—"the Marchesa Casati held together by gold thread," said a friend. Half French, half English, her voice is a soft looping mix of accents. She loves a good giggle, potatoes eight days a week, and the eccentric black-and-white cat she found in Morocco.... Glowing Loulou, here in a shimmery shiny mini-dress—brilliant hand-painted mosaics of silver, gold, black, red, and green with glittery ropes tied at the waist. By Lisa Meril. Of silk chiffon and Lurex. Sara Fredericks; Montaldo's; Sakowitz; Bullock's-Wilshire. Yves Saint Laurent black silk neck cord. Odyssey bracelets. Sheer black tights: Berkshire. Shoes: Moya Bowler for Jerry Edouard. All coiffures on these eight pages, by Ara Gallant.



LOOK AT LOULOU AS THE NIGHT GOES ON

The most romantic coat for evening, left, in panne velvet—the tiny weskit-like top is violet and the rest is black with big fluffs of black fox. Chester Weinberg, rayon (Sormani fabric) and dyed Norwegian fox. Best & Co. Twiggy tights. Boots: Beth's Bootery at Saks Fifth Avenue. **A gold rush,** right, lighting up turquoise-and-black printed lamé from the snuggly little hood down past the ankles. By Jacques Tiffeau, of rayon and metallic threads. Best & Co.; Jacobson's, Michigan; Joske's Houston; Joseph Magnin. Shoes by Moya Bowler for Jerry Edouard.



AVEDON



LOOK AT LOULOU KICKING UP HER HEELS

Loulou's in breeches, above: soft little black knit ones that her mother, Maxime de la Falaise, designed for Blousecraft. Such a pretty way to look for evening with a shiny white satin shirt, all gathered and ruffled. Breeches of wool, nylon, and rabbit hair; about $32. Available early October. Shirt by Gregory, of Celanese acetate and nylon (Bloomsburg Fabrics); about $28. Both: Bonwit Teller. Twiggy tights. Herbert Levine boots. **Up in front, down in back,** right, and ruffled all around—the dress with an uneven hem in slithery plum knit. By Jon Haggins, of polyester (Barbet-Stretchnit fabric). About $165. Henri Bendel; Nan Duskin; I. Magnin. Odyssey bracelets. Jon Haggins belt. Boots: Beth's Bootery at Saks Fifth Avenue. **Covered black velvet,** far right, with a wide pointed hem smothered in black ostrich feathers, black satin belt—perfect with your little white gloves and dark shiny legs. Dress by Pat Sandler, of Crompton rayon velvet. About $240. At Saks Fifth Avenue; Jacobson's, Michigan; Neusteters; Sakowitz. Gloves by Crescendoe-Superb Tights by Twiggy. Shoes by Capezio.

AVEDON



LOOK AT LOULOU IN FEATHERS AND FUR

Where's Loulou?—all wrapped in sprays of black osprey and black silk chiffon, left. Giant shawl and matching dress with more feathers at the pointed hem. Made to order by Arnold Scaasi (Stern & Stern fabric). Twiggy tights. Capezio shoes. **A little funky monkey,** right: short spiky black jacket with a wide black leather waistband...great with black breeches and Adolfo's monkey-shined black gaucho hat. Jacket: dyed Ghana monkey fur, made to order by Fernando Sanchez for Revillon. Boots: Beth's Bootery. All at Saks Fifth Avenue.

AVEDON



norell

The authority of the new Norells!—the waists held and the skirts just as long and as full as they have to be, not a centimetre more or less. Perfection....**The fur-collared coat,** right, swinging to the calf from a shaped waist, belted and pleated in back...navy-blue wool with a ravishing softness of sable lying around the throat; Norell seals it with golden buttons, sends it to town with boots and a huge sable muff. At Bonwit Teller; Nan Duskin; I. Magnin. **The most beautiful little black dress,** centre, in silk jersey...covered to the throat, covered to the wrists...full sleeves held with wide buttoned cuffs; full calf-length skirt held at the waist by a wide patent belt. Bergdorf Goodman; Nan Duskin; I. Magnin. Suga coiffure. **This belted black suit,** far right, with sables wrapped on the collar—plus a sable muff—what a delicious way to open the season!...The little peplum-y jacket, side-buttoned over a midi-length dress with a matching black wool skirt, black silk jersey top. Bonwit Teller; I. Magnin. The collars and the Norell muffs on both pages, of Rusian sable. Hats by Emme for Norell. Shoes and boots by David Evins for Norell.



AVEDON

norell

What a great coat for pants, right, so small and smooth -like a fitted shirt above the waist—then the lift of a wide belt, and the full gathered skirt falls away to its own good length over straight-legged pants....Beige-and-white wool herringbones with a hand-knitted turtleneck of dark-brown wool. Evelyn Byrnes; Nan Duskin; Marshall Field; Frost Bros.; I. Magnin. Hair pulled back and bunned by Suga. **High buttoning, high tailoring in navy wool,** centre, double-breasted with shining metal: Norell's little prim-and-proper—shaped in at the waist, out at the hem. A perfect day coat, strict and simple. Martha, Nan Duskin; Lou Lattimore; I. Magnin. **The safari suit,** far right—belted and patch-pocketed jacket to the hip, skirt to the top of the calf. Very sharp....Honey-beige wool punched up with dashes of black, plus a black wool jersey shirt underneath. At Martha; Marshall Field; I. Magnin. Hats, this page, are by Emme for Norell. Shoes and boots by David Evins for Norell.... Off the page but in the picture: Norell perfume, to wear with everything here—and everything else.




AVEDON

BEAUTY
bulletin



GLEAMS AND MORE GLEAMS– RULING PLANET: THE MOON



Faces gathering gleam now, with highlights—like moonlights—of sheen and silver. Lipstick, the luminous-est. Cheeks with a glossy blush. Both, gleaming here face-to-face, along with some spectacular twists of pearls and Afro-primitive gleams of gold, on Charlene Dash, whose international modeling takes her east and west of the moon—Japan, New York, Paris, Rome, all her territory. Lineup of face gleams—part of Revlon's new Moon Drops Luminesque Look: Lipfrost, in seventeen shades (this one, Gingerglaze) ; Cream Blusher, here in Luminesque Amber. With other Moon Drops teammates—Airfoam Demi Makeup, liquid eyeliner, and violet shadow. Necklaces, this page, of cultured seed pearls with gold, diamonds, sapphires. By Jean Schlumberger of Tiffany. Necklaces, opposite, and earrings, of hammered gold, platinum, diamonds. By David Webb.

PENATI

INTER

NATIONAL BEAUTY BULLETIN

NEWS, GOSSIP, FROM ALL OVER

In Paris, London, New York, everywhere, the big news about hair can be summed up in one word (dear to film directors): Cut! In salons here and abroad, scissors are flashing . . . snipping, shaping, chopping ends bluntly, and layering, layering, layering. . . . Beauties of all ages love the multi-level, layered cuts for their ***natural look***—shape and line are put in by the cut, not by rollers, teasing, sprays—and because they're so marvellously ***easy to handle,*** maintain. Blow-dry, wash-and-wear—a little palm-of-the-hand dryer and a hairbrush are all you need. . . . Even Garbo's famous head has been seen in Paris in a ravishing ***little-boy haircut*** that clearly defines its shape, with longish, flat side pieces in front of the ears. More examples from Paris, New York, on these six pages. . . .

In London, *Leonard gets the natural look by "cutting in depth"—lots of layering, lots of variation in length; hair longer at the nape, curling softly like Lord Byron's.* ***In Italy,*** *Alba's layered cut for the Valentino collection followed the head, swept smoothly to a ducktail in back. . . . The new Alba salon in Rome is comfortably, happily unisex; young men and women enjoying the expert, unhurried haircutting together.*

Dotty about dots is what a lot of young beauties in Paris are. They're putting a white dot at the inside corner of each eyelid—plus, often, three or four white dots arranged symmetrically at the outside corner of each eye, like a Berber woman's. Result, according to one observer: "incredible glamour and brilliance." . . . Carita, who did the makeups and coiffures for Ungaro's show, painted one girl's eyelids ***pure fuchsia;*** it looked smashing, was done by mixing coral-pink liquid eye makeup with a shot of deep greeny-blue. . . .

A traveller reports: "***A Russian manicure*** takes about ten angry minutes, including time out to glare at the receptionist who put the hands of this decadent capitalist in *your* hands in the first place." Even so, it may be a bargain at the price—about 30 cents. . . . ***A Japanese manicure,*** according to the same source, "takes some 120 loving minutes, including time out to beam at the receptionist for putting these thoroughly deserving hands at your disposal. . . . The manicurist massages one's arms, hands, and fingers, pausing between each operation as she might if performing the tea ceremony. At the other end, a friend of hers is doing the same to your legs, ankles, and toes." . . . The bill for all this: circa $3.



Long-haired no longer . . . above, ***Talitha Getty;*** ***below,*** ***Mary Russell***

Talitha Getty (Mrs. Paul Getty, junior), a Dutch-born beauty, had a long sweep of honey-blond hair—until recently. Until Christophe, in Paris, gave her this sleek, layered cut—natural, charming, a cinch to care for. . . . Mary Russell's thick, dark hair used to fall below her shoulders. Again, Christophe's scissors went into action; now, her hair is loose, naturally full and tousled-looking, short enough to whisk up with her fingers. Beautiful. . . .



Joanna Shimkus . . . an international beauty whose movie career, now on fast boil, takes her to so many countries she's been heard to say that she should have played the gypsy, as well as the Rector's daughter, in *The Virgin and the Gypsy.* . . . Born in Nova Scotia, moved to Montreal, went to Paris on a modelling assignment, broke into French films when she met Jean-Luc Godard at a party (she thought he was an actor playing bit gangster parts). . . . Not only one of the hottest film properties but one of the most with-it young beauties around, Joanna has been on a natural, wholly personal health kick all her life. She eats salads, organic foods simply because she likes them; keeps in shape by doing pliés and relevés in the first three ballet positions. . . . All this shows in her glowing, bronzed skin, her clear grey-green eyes the colour of northern seas. Her brown hair has a richer colour, a silkier shine, a healthy bounce; could be thanks to a new colouring-plus-conditioning preparation—L'Oréal's Preference Creme-In Haircolor in Light Auburn. Lipstick, Sahara Orange; warming her cheeks, a glow of Peach Blush. Both, L'Oréal. Fringed, shawl-wrapped dress of brown-and-gold lace by Bill Blass (Emil Katz lace with Lurex). At Bonwit Teller.



BEAUTY
bulletin

Thoughts of an observer at the Paris Collections. . . . "Great fashion is very disciplining to the mind—and body. As you watch, you feel—actually, physically—the tighter curves, the revealing bias cuts, the tightening belts, the slack fall of a perfect jumpsuit. . . . You watch the mannequins pushing their long legs through slits and slashes, and you know that a lot is up to the wearer of today's clothes; there's a challenge, an excitement, a desire. She must bring herself to a pitch of energy—pull in and up more, walk, dance, exercise more, be more supple, more long, more strong. . . . She must totally control the marvellous clothes she dreams of owning, or she will miss out entirely on the dash and modern allure these clothes are meant to give. . . . What you are watching are clothes for heroines and goddesses."

The rage of Rome . . . sandal-boots

Right: Wouldn't Caligula have been mad for them? Anyway, everyone else in Rome is: Sophia Loren, Audrey Hepburn, Monica Vitti, Marisa Berenson, Pilar Crespi, et alia. . . . High, cutout brown leather sandal-boots with inset diamond-shaped pieces of canvas, by Vittoriana of Roma. At Martha.

. . . and a new makeup

Left: Pale, silvery, mysterious . . . worn here by ***the beautiful Benedetta,*** wife of young Italian movie director Roberto Faenza. Eyebrows are effaced with white shadow; cheeks whitened in triangles, points down; rouge brushed along sides of face, temples. Glimmery, pale-silver shadow around eyes; black mascara, black-rinsed hair; the head small, small . . . the effect, fragile, exquisite. Makeup done for Vogue in Rome by Gil of Max Factor.

TURILLAZZI LAMI



BEAUTY *bulletin*

INTERNATIONAL ...BEAUTY NEWS, GOSSIP,

(Continued) . . . Nature lives! Natural hairdos, natural face creams (more about these anon), natural spring- and mineral-waters, ***natural foods.*** . . . One of the in places to go in London now is Cranks, a combination health food shop and airy, modern restaurant at 8 Marshall Street. With Bach or Vivaldi playing in the background, one lunches or dines on such delights as melon-and-yoghourt cocktail, vegetable quiche, cheese-and-oatmeal savoury, salads of organically-grown vegetables, fruits, greens, in delicious combinations, often laced with whole grains, nuts, seeds. . . . There's a marvellous iced drink made with cucumber juice and honey; homemade bread with butter-and-watercress; pies made with really fresh fruits, berries . . . loverly.

Meanwhile, back in New York—at 1336 First Avenue—is Good Earth Natural Foods, an extraordinary, highly selective supermarket to which people like Yehudi Menuhin, Erich Fromm, Helen Hayes, Mary Martin have been beating a path for years. Starting in 1962 as a small grocery selling organic fruits and vegetables, flours, eggs and milk that were free of poisonous sprays or chemical additives, it's been growing by leaps and bounds ever since. Now, it stocks not only fresh produce—including meat and poultry—but a vast range of canned, dried, and bottled foods, from cereals to seaweeds; organic fruit and vegetable juices, ciders, vinegars; herb teas, natural cheeses, ice cream (no artificial flavour or colouring, and it's delicious); jams, honeys, breads—all from carefully-chosen suppliers who meet rigid standards. . . . If you want to make your own honey, Good Earth will even supply the bees.

Hand-in-hand with the interest in natural foods has gone a growing interest in ***natural cosmetics*** and skin preparations—which often sound good enough to eat: Strawberry Cleansing Lotion, Grapefruit Skin Freshener, Lemon Moisturizer, and the like. All these, from a new company called "i", which is putting only natural oils and beeswax, pure fruit and vegetable colourings in their garden-y preparations. To be planted in stores this month. . . . Already well-known to nature lovers are Orjene natural cosmetics—made in this country since 1928—and the Bio-Kosma products from Switzerland. Orjene's Seven Oil skin preparation is light, un-greasy, nourishing, rich in avocado and other natural oils. Many of Bio-Kosma's preparations are juicy with cucumber. Both lines are available in good health-food shops (including the aforementioned Good Earth). . . . Mixed up freshly on the spot in an electric blender from such natural boons as milk and honey, cucumbers, bananas, and strawberries, are the preparations at Mario Badescu's pleasant salon, at 320 East Fifty-Second Street. Mr. Badescu—a Rumanian skin expert who's a sincere believer in the value of natural, organic substances for the skin—examines you first, then whisks up whatever lotion, mask, or freshener your skin seems to crave at that moment. . . . He's also a firm believer in spraying or splashing with mineral water, steaming with ozone mist, cleansing with milk.



NEW SHEARINGS

Above: the shaggy curls of a young shepherd in a Botticelli painting is what this haircut achieves. Layered, shaped to follow the head, spilling artlessly over the nape of the neck—it's purely from Arcadia, via Henri Bendel's Beauty Floor. . . . *Below:* in Paris, Carol La Brié, a young dancer with pale-coffee skin, has had her black-black hair cropped off literally to the skull—showing her finely-shaped head. Only a little ripple is left at the nape of the neck. . . . David Morris, a young English hairdresser, did the shearing.



New Paris haircut—the porcupine

Spiking the beauty news from Paris: Carita's spiky, enchanting porcupine cut—one of the smashing, slashing haircuts she did for the Ungaro show. The hair is unparted, smooth on top, the front like a small boy's hacked-off bang; the rest is layered, chopped, with little waves turning outward at the sides, then cut off bluntly; the back goes spiking down over the nape of the neck. . . . Shape, line, charm, all have been put in by the cutting; taking care of it's a relatively simple matter of wash, blow-dry, brush. Heigh-ho, for the carefree life of a porcupine. . . .

"I DON'T UNDERSTAND... "I hate... "I like...

The first human heart transplant, done by Christiaan Neethling Barnard in December, 1967, catapulted this unknown South African surgeon into international fame and onto front pages around the world. Today, Professor Barnard is probably the most disliked and most admired doctor alive. Some say he is a fairly good (or lucky) surgical artisan who did an operation fifty others were prepared to do; he did it first because he is ruthless and lacking the proper morals of a true doctor or scientist. Witness, for example, his subsequent antics with movie stars and the jet crowd, heedless of his wife and children in South Africa.

Others, who feel drawn to Dr. Barnard, see him as one of the world's truly creative surgeons whose prime interest in prolonging human life overrides anything else he does as a man. As such, he is the most exciting medical personality of the century.

In nineteen trips away from South Africa, Dr. Barnard has travelled 1.5 million miles—equivalent to three round trips to the moon. He has been received by Pope Paul VI, President Johnson, the Shah of Iran, the King of Thailand, as well as the presidents of Brazil, Peru, Ecuador, Czechoslovakia, and Gabon—this last most important for Black-boycotted South Africa.

He has also received hundreds of would-be cures for the arthritis afflicting his hands—medicines, copper bracelets, and witchcraft amulets. His awards, diplomas, portraits, patent medicines, and decorations were assembled in a show of three hundred items that recently toured South Africa in the fashion of royal jewels or perhaps a monstrous whale never before seen by mortal man.

Dr. Barnard has a formidable program before him at home. This includes perfecting the technique of transplanting both heart and lungs, increased control of rejection so that baboon or pig hearts may be used temporarily in human beings until a human donor is available, and, finally, reopening or replacing diseased coronary arteries. He has one surviving heart-transplant patient (out of five)—Dorothy Fisher, who he expects will surpass the longevity record of Philip Blaiberg's 594 days.

So why doesn't he stay in Cape Town and concentrate on what he knows best? Part of the answer lies deep in his past.

Christiaan Barnard grew up in the semi-desert wilderness of Beaufort West, son of a Dutch Reformed minister to the Coloured people—a man Barnard loved beyond all men, yet one whom many whites avoided touching for fear that "the Black had rubbed off" from parishioner to minister. There was also extreme poverty. God and sin were as fixed as the stars above the vast plains of the Karoo, and to dance close with a girl was to fling open the gates of evil. To avail against this predestined condition of man, there were prayer and hard work. His mother, by dint of persuasion and smack of clothes brush, drummed into her four sons the unquestionable belief that they had to be first in everything—not second, *first*. Christiaan won the school tennis championship with a borrowed racquet and pieces of cardboard filling holes in his sneakers. He ran a record mile in his bare feet. He studied by candlelight and was top of his class.

This success continued, with similar Spartan overtones, at the University of Cape Town and then in the United States at the University of Minnesota—where he obtained his Ph.D. degree in a record two-and-one-half years—and so on down the line to the historic transplant, when he prayed to God for an even break against error, using the words of his father while clutching the ideals of his mother.

Above all else, Barnard must have success. This helps explain his trips through oceans of applause and flattery, wearing the smile of a movie idol, the unisex suits of a Roman tailor, and beneath it all the plodding determination of a politician nearing election day. Many saw in this the ruination of Barnard.

"Any man who says he doesn't like applause and recognition is either a fool or a liar," Barnard said. "You learn from mistakes, but success gives you the courage to go on and do even more."

After a mob at the Rome airport tore Barnard away from his terrified young bride, he said, "It was rough, but let's be honest: If there'd been no reporters, we'd have been disappointed."

At the same time, he claims these serious reasons for his travels:

1. Defend and explain the heart transplant, its technique and post-operation rejection control (especially important during the first year, when the operation's viability was being debated).

2. Attend medical conferences to contact his peers. ("In the United States you can go next door for an important medical gathering. In South Africa we must fly four thousand miles.")

3. Learn new surgical techniques (in Milwaukee, during March, he studied new methods of coronary-artery revascularization).

4. Advise General Electric Company in the United States on space medicine and research into man's ability to survive in space (he has submitted a paper to Congress on this).

It is pointless to claim that he travels without official diplomatic status, for all doors are open to him. Nor can it be claimed he receives no government money for his travels, since the Cape Provincial Administration guarantees his salary ($1,000 a month after taxes) while absent from duties at the Groote Schuur Hospital and provides $14 a day when abroad (the same pay as that of his medical colleagues).

Barnard's visits to African non-white nations have helped create links that are little publicized yet form part of a plan to build up commercial ties, heretofore believed impossible, between South Africa and neighbouring African states. Prime Minister Vorster, who sees Barnard upon request, said: "Chris Barnard is one of the most effective representatives we have to the outside world."

Most certainly he is not, as some claim, a surgical opportunist. Before the initial heart transplant, Barnard was the first in medical history to demonstrate the pathological origin of intestinal atresia, until then generally fatal in babies. He pioneered a treatment for tuberculosis meningitis, as well as a surgical solution for the transposition of the heart's great vessels—up to that moment considered beyond the reach of surgery. He prepared for the heart transplant with the long-range strategy of

DR. CHRISTIAAN BARNARD

THE CURIOUS SPLIT LIFE OF THE FIRST MAN TO TRANSPLANT A HUMAN HEART

BY CURTIS BILL PEPPER

one assembling a team to scale an inaccessible mountain.

He can be demanding, even overbearing.

In the operating theatre, he can be a terror. To a nurse who gave him a wrong instrument, he cried out in his high-pitched voice: "Sister, do you think this patient is a horse?" Occasionally, he has thrown an instrument onto the floor. To an assistant holding a clamp incorrectly: "*Ach*, man, a baboon could do it better than you!" To an intern found in error after going twenty-four hours without sleep: "Get out of here—you can't be trusted with human life!"

This sort of behaviour does not make friends.

"I like people, especially young people: but in my work I will drive everyone, even fight with them, to keep the standard high. There's a tendency for people to go slack, to cut corners, unless you go at them all the time. Some say I'm impossible to work with, that I complain and fight with them. That doesn't worry me one bit. I am only worried when my patients say I don't give them everything."

Professor Velva Schrire, chief cardiologist at the Groote Schuur Hospital, said: "Chris is an iconoclast, driven by insecurity. Within the secure rhythm of the hospital, he is a priceless asset, for he breaks it all up and sets everyone on edge. At the same time, he is not an asset for routine surgery. They get more done with him away."

His chief anaesthetist, Joseph Ozinsky said: "Chris knows everything that's happening—as if he had eyes all over the room. It's unbelievable. If you make an error, he knows it immediately, even with his back turned. He even knows *before* it happens. When he's operating, you can never relax."

His trusted and most valuable registrar, Dr. Siebert Bosman, said: "Chris is not so special on routine operations. Many others are easily as good and much faster. But he is something more—a thinking, creative surgeon. In a crisis, he is brilliant. No one who saw him at work on that Irish girl will ever forget it."

Aileen Brassil, seven years old, was among many "hopeless" cases that began to migrate to Cape Town following the first heart transplant. (Today, there is a waiting list of ninety foreign cases, plus 150 locals.)

Aileen had a single ventricle and a single atrium—a heart of two chambers rather than four. Barnard was told: "You're under the gun. Every mistake you make is played up in the press. This patient will most certainly die—why bring this onto yourself?"

Barnard went into the child's room, looked into her blue eyes, tousled her blond hair, and asked: "What's wrong with you, honey?" Aileen said: "I have a broken heart." Barnard left the room in tears: "Man, I don't care what happens, I'm operating on that little girl."

After opening her chest, he studied the freak, two-chambered heart for half an hour. Then, as he recalls it: "Suddenly I saw the new heart. I saw what I could make out of this one. And in a small way I knew how Michelangelo felt when he saw human life inside a block of marble."

Barnard rebuilt the heart in six hours—technically much more difficult than a transplant—and the child is alive now and well.

Dr. Barnard said: "When I have a death, I lose confidence quickly. I don't even want to get up the next morning because I am so unsure of myself. But when I start operating again, confidence builds up. It's the same when I've been away on a long trip. I always feel I've lost my touch, until I start again."

Does this mean Barnard is more concerned with the life under his hands or his own temporary death of confidence at the loss of a patient? In recounting Louis Washkansky's death, he claimed a unity of both: "My life has found its meaning there, nowhere else, and now the dying of this one life was my death, too."

This extension of self into a patient eventually was extended further into society (as with Dr. Benjamin Spock in the United States) to embrace the Coloured, Chinese, and Indian peoples of South Africa. Predictably, this is an overlarge embrace of humanity in the land of apartheid, and it most seriously plunged Dr. Barnard into a political cauldron on October 31, last year, when he spoke to the Afrikaanse Sakekamer, a group of several hundred businessmen and their wives.

The gathering began with a toast to "Professor Barnard—the man." Moved by such warmth, Barnard began to speak in Afrikaans.

"You know, I feel as though tonight we were a large family, and I want to talk to you from my heart. I want to ask your help with some questions asked of me when I go abroad."

The first question was related to the fact that in South Africa a Japanese is considered as white or "European," while a Chinese is not.

"When a Chinese industrialist asked me why we charged a Chinese woman and a white man under the Immorality Act after they had lived together for thirty years, I could not answer. Can you?"

Later, Barnard recalled: "No one spoke. I looked at their faces, suddenly hostile, and knew I had made a mistake. But I went on, anyway—there was nothing else to do."

So he asked the next question: "In Denmark, a professor of surgery asked why we allowed Coloured servants to care for us in our homes and even tend to sick children—yet we refuse the services of non-white doctors. I don't know why—do you?"

Some in the audience rose to leave. Others began to protest.

Barnard continued: "You're upset I should talk this way. But these are questions we all ask each other . . . no?"

"No, we don't!" shouted one man.

"Well, I do!" cried Barnard. "My duty as a doctor is to alleviate suffering . . . and human suffering I consider far greater than the physical suffering of a man with a hole in his heart!"

Eventually, the meeting was sealed with a smattering of polite applause.

Many will accept Barnard's brilliance as a surgeon and applaud his courage as a citizen—yet remain genuinely puzzled, even disenchanted by his behaviour with women.

It is an error to believe that sudden freedom outside of Africa destroyed Barnard's marriage. His former wife, (Continued on page 163)

ITALY



MILA SCHÖN

Above: Lacquer-black fake fur tunic and reversible cape—orange ciré inside, printed with Japanese characters. Matching cuissard boots by Luini. Borg fake fur; Bini silk. Right: The lacquer-black coolie hat again—with a Korean rice picker's pantsuit. Agnona wool crêpe. Turnouts: Martha; I. Magnin. Coiffures with all Italian fashions, by Alba.

THIS IS THE YEAR OF THE ORIENT—OF THE SHANGHAI EXPRESS, THE KIMONO, THE OBI BELT, THE LOTUS FLOWER, THE KOREAN RICE PICKER, THE CRACKLES IN ANCIENT CELADON VASES, THE MURALS OF TUNHWANG, THE K'ANG HSI PORCELAIN, THE SANG DE BOEUF, THE MANCHURIAN WHITE FOREHEAD, THE ISLAND-OF-YEZO GREEN, THE JAPANESE CLOGS, THE COOLIE HAT, THE ENAMEL BUTTERFLIES, THE CAPES—ALL OF WHICH APPEAL TO OUR FANTASY IN SEARCH OF THE LOST PARADISE...


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FRANCO RUBARTELLI

FORQUET

2

OGNIBENE
ZENDMAN

ASSUNTA

1 3

RUBARTELLI

1. In Rome's Pincio Gardens, Carlo Giordana, one of the young bloods of Satyricon, in Assunta's rust suède overblouse, suède pants—and the Snow Princess in Assunta's beige suède with Eskimo embroidery and fur-cuffed boots. Fendi bag. Laverda motorbike.
2. Forquet's brown-and-white tweed cape—all accordion pleats with cartridge seaming, a suède ribbon tied at the neck. Helita wool. Barrilà boots.... The steps of the Salita San Sebastianello in Rome circle down the page.
3. A double-faced cape by Ognibene Zendman over a laced jacket and dress. Forneris-Snia ink-blue wool. At Holt Renfrew of Canada. Ognibene Zendman sombrero. Boots by Italo Colombo.
4. For him, Litrico's leather jumpsuit over an Argenti turtleneck. Litrico collection at Lord & Taylor. For her, Carosa's wide coat over a leotard and printed felt boots. Lanerossi-Snia fabric. Carosa hat. Barrilà boots walking the cobbled Via Margutta in Rome.
5. Coming out of Rome's Number One nightclub—Fendi's kimono looks in Yezo-green moleskin. Carlo's is long and belted over black pants, black boots; hers, a little kimono-sleeved jacket belted over green silk pants and Mario Valentino boots.



FENDI

CAROSA

LITRICO

ITALY

...ESKIMO BOOTS AND SUÈDE EMBROIDERY...ACCORDION-PLEATED CAPES
...FLOATING COATS...KNITTED LEOTARDS...LEATHER JUMPSUITS FOR MEN
... ISLAND-OF-YEZO GREEN MOLESKIN OVER ZOUAVE PANTS AND BOOTS

BRUGNOLI

SAMO

ANTONELLI

FRANCO RUBARTELLI

1

2

MILA SCHÖN

1. Brugnoli suit in black-and-white geometrics—little jacket over a fringed black suède top, slit skirt . . . booting along Via Margutta. Sassi-Snia fabric. Lord & Taylor. Brugnoli hat. Vittoriana Salvatori earrings. Bag by The Whip. Mario Valentino boots.
2. Together in the Borghese Gardens . . . her little black Antonelli, jacket muffled with black fox and belted over matching zouave pants in Nattier wool, laced Varese boots; Carlo Giordana's Samo suit, dark and severe as a uniform. Navy Bises wool and Snia wistel. Sakowitz.
3. Mila Schön's double-faced kimono coat in porcelain-blue Agnona cashmere simply wrapped over a clean white neckcloth, matching double-faced dress, suède boots. . . . This street is Via dei Coronari.
4. A longer view of the Korean rice-picker's jacket and pants that open these pages of Italian fashions—Mila Schön's black wool crêpe pantsuit worn here with coolie hat, layered hair, enamelled gold disc and chain, suède boots. This page: turnouts at Martha; I. Magnin. Loris Abate jewels. Luini boots.

ITALY

. . . DAY LOOKS ON THE STREETS OF ROME . . . SUITS WITH LITTLE JACKETS . . . ABSTRACT PRINTS . . . JAPANESE BLUES . . . SHINY BLACK FUR . . . COOLIE HATS AND RICE-PICKER PANTSUITS . . . GEISHA NECKCLOTHS FOLDED INSIDE KIMONO COATS . . . BOOTS WITH EVERYTHING . . .

GALITZINE

SAMO

GALITZINE

Off to a night on Rome, starting at the Number One club . . . Carlo Giordana in a gold-buttoned black crêpe silk and Snia wistel tunic (Sakowitz); the girls in lacquery Satam noir de Chine — left, obi-belted crêpe tunic with pleated kimono sleeves, pleated pants (I. Magnin); right, a slit jersey dress with a lacquer-and-jewel Borbonese belt (dress, I. Magnin).

FRANCO RUBARTELLI

GAUTZINE

ITALY

...LACQUER BLACK...RED FLYING FISH ON BLANC DE CHINE...PANTS SOMETIMES FLOPPY WITH LOTS OF PLEATS...COLLARLESS NECKLINES... SLEEVES LARGE LIKE KIMONO FLYING PANELS...OBIS...BOOTS JUST COVERING THE ANKLE—DREAMY FOR EVENING IN SATIN OR LAMÉ...

Above: Celadon silk kimono veined in sanguine red and worn with little brown silk boots. I. Magnin. Above right: Blanc de Chine silk kimono bright with red flying fish and lamé boots. Terrangi fabric. I. Magnin. This page: Borbonese's necklace of sang de boeuf lacquer and diamonds...and the staircase of the Casina Valadier Restaurant in Rome. Both pages: Raphael boots.

PALAZZI

ANTONELLI

ITALY

BAROCCO

SIVIGLIA

1. Carlo Giordana in a Palazzi jacket flocked with Chinese characters, satin shirt, silk pants. Loro Piana fabric. For her; Antonelli's beaded silver lace with a shimmery view of legs. Pomellato gold chains jewelled with lapis, cat's eye, white coral, jade. Jacket and dress in Forneris lace.
2. Lover's meeting: Luigi Pignatelli, fresh from his first film, Men Against, in Bemberg wool jacket, satin shirt, pants, and gold chain by Siviglia... and the heroine in Barocco's fumé-and-mauve chiffon smocked at throat and wrists. Sisan silk. This page: Varese shoes.

1

2

...CAPE AND SWAGGER ROMANCE AT THE CASINA VALADIER IN ROME...THE GIRLS IN BLACK VELVET AND LACE TRANSPARENCIES, FUMÉ PRINTS AND ENAMEL BUTTERFLIES...MEN IN BLACK—BLACK CHARMEUSE, BLACK SATIN, BLACK-FLOCKED BLACK

Everybody loves me girl in black velvet—Mila Schön's cape and knickers with an embroidered black chiffon shirt, an enamelled butterfly buckling the waist. Satum fabric. Forster Willi embroidery.
At Martha: I. Magnin. Loris Abate jewels. Luini boots.
These ten pages: coiffures by Alba; men's shoes and boots by Rossetti.

PALAZZI

MILA SCHÖN

SIVIGLIA

what fur!

DAVID BAILEY



Wolverine midicape, left, shaded from palest cream to darkest brown... so deep and drifty and enveloping you could almost disappear inside. Just nestle in, tuck your pants into high boots, and let winter come. By Bill Blass, of natural Russian wolverine. Cape and high laced boots at Saks Fifth Avenue. Belted tunic and pants by Halston. Ruza Creations choker. Grandoe knitted gloves. Coiffures on both pages, by Franklyn Welsh.

Alabaster sable midicoat, above, to wrap you as you've never been wrapped before—nothing like it in the whole wild world. Coat made to order by Maximilian; Russian Crown sable. Jewels from Van Cleef & Arpels. Tie-dyed velvet boots by David Evins for I. Miller.

what fur! what colour!



Red-dyed elephant coat with great bushy ropes of black-dyed Norwegian fox—all the leeway needed to whoosh out over red suède boots. Coat by Oscar de la Renta Furs. At Henri Bendel; Tarnopol, Phila.; Capitol Furs, Washington, D.C. Boots by Golo. On both pages: gloves by Kislav, coifs, Phillip Mason of Vidal Sassoon.

Patchwork cobra roped with black fox and warmed with black nutria on the inside—the fur-lined coat swaying long and lively, in shimmering squares of plum, green, red. Jeremy Wren, in dyed cobra, dyed Norwegian fox, black-dyed nutria. Henri Bendel; Bramson; Montaldo's. Snaky boots by Moya Bowler for Jerry Edouard.

DAVID BAILEY

what fur! what warmth!



Lynx? Guess again—it's a wow of dyed-fox collar on a natural nutria coat. By Galanos for Neustadter. Also, Montaldo's; Marshall Field; I. Magnin. Belt, David Mehler for Dame.

Silver raccoon greatcape—the skins worked vertically and absolutely bristling with silver up and down. Donald Brooks for Michael Forrest. Lord & Taylor; L. S. Ayres; I. Magnin. All gloves, Grandoe; boots, Battani; coifs, Phillip Mason of Vidal Sassoon.



Tan-and-white mink stripes, wrapped, tied, tailed. Sant' Angelo for Chambers Sherwin; Pastel and white Saga mink from Scandinavia. S. J. Glaser; Roberts Furs, Boston; Tarnopol, Phila. Yves Saint Laurent choker.

The cape-collared silver fox blanketing you in lightness and luxe. By Jean Louis. Bonwit Teller; I. Magnin. Belt: Elegant. This page: Halston turnouts.

DAVID BAILEY

what fur! what wrap!



Great way with a mink greatcape—a vast pelting, clipped upward to show the dark rich depth of the skins. Reiss & Fabrizio, of "Kojah," Emba natural high-furred mink. Kislav gloves. Boots: Silvia of Fiorentina. Coiffures: Phillip Mason of Vidal Sassoon.

DAVID BAILEY

Black sealskin greatcape bordered by Canadian fisher—and wrapped so luxuriously you are positively furled in fur. Donald Brooks for Michael Forrest; Fouke-dyed Alaska fur seal used under the strict control of U. S. Wildlife Service. Lord & Taylor; Jacobson's, Michigan; Swanson's; I. Magnin. Battani boots.

walk

Here's the coat, left—a well-belted one in black Melton cloth, long and full with a slit in back to walk your leg through. And isn't this really what it's all about—getting around this comfortably, feeling free, looking great?...Woolmark coat by Frank Masandrea for Modelia; Stevens Worumbo wool, loomed in America. About $185. Saks Fifth Avenue; Jacobson's, Michigan; Rike's; L. S. Ayres; Neiman-Marcus. Hat by Malyard of London, at Saks Fifth Avenue. Aris gloves. Shaggedy-raggedy fur shoulderbag by Battani, at Henri Bendel. Cobra-patterned boots: Beth's Bootery at Saks Fifth Avenue....**and here's a swingeroo in black Melton cloth,** right, shaped to the waist, buttoned high—and you're warm inside it and fast on your feet. With little mushroom cap pulled down, boots laced up, and big furry hands—what a way to go, yes? A woolmark coat by Pierre Cardin-New York. Saks Fifth Avenue; Jacobson's, Michigan; Shillito's. Studded leather cap, by Ronald Kolodzie for Genesis. Shoulderbag with silvery nailheads, Hernando Reinoso. Ritter Brothers fur mittens. Boots by Silvia of Fiorentina.

ALEXIS WALDECK

right out...

Out in the street, out in the country, here are the looks that get you where you're going...

Jackets, skirts, pants, shirts, some good leather things—that's what you want to hack around in. Very sharp and together...

ALEX S WALDE K

walk right out...



A suit, of course, far left—like this natty grey flannel with its trig little battle jacket and button-as-you-like-it skirt—the must-have fashion for autumn. Woolmark suit by Calvin Klein, of Stevens Hockanum fabric, loomed in America. About $165. At Bonwit Teller; Kaufmann's; Joseph Magnin. Gloves by Aris. Ruza Creations shoulder-pouch. Tights by Valentino at the Valentino Boutique. Battani boots. **Snap-up jacket and pants,** left, sleeking around in seal-brown stretch vinyl . . . and the legs go marching on . . . and on. Turnout, with a tweedy brown-and-beige wool sweater, by Beene Bazaar. About $215. Saks Fifth Avenue; Harzfeld's. Scarf by Schiaparelli for Glentex. Yves Saint Laurent dog collar. Sheffield watch. Hernando Reinoso bag. **The suède brigade,** above—all the softly-softlies in natural tan: floppy hat with a perforated brim and Adolfo's super turnout—long weskit belted over matching suède pants and a Persian-print tan cotton shirt. Made to order by Adolfo. Also at Saks Fifth Avenue. Yves Saint Laurent dog collar. Malyard of London hat: Saks Fifth Avenue. Odyssey belt. Casa Cuero shoulderbag. Boots: Saks Fifth Avenue.



Layers of taupe, above, swinging along in lightness and warmth—double-faced coat, long slit tunic, and pants tucked into python boots. By Christian Dior-New York, of Anglo Fabrics wool, loomed in America. Turnout (pants to order): Saks Fifth Avenue. Coat, tunic, and pants: Harzfeld's; Gidding-Jenny; Neiman-Marcus. Scarf by Echo. Bag by Gucci. Boots: Beth's Bootery at Saks Fifth Avenue. **Through deepest winter with mittens and fur,** right: He's in sheep's clothing and she is in heaven—a camel-coloured midi mink polo coat to belt tight and hack around the world over sweaters, skirts, pants, et al. Ben Kahn Boutique, of dyed Saga mink from Scandinavia. Also at Gidding-Jenny; I. Magnin. Korrigan turtleneck. Odyssey belt. Tights by Valentino, at the Valentino Boutique. **Reptiles are in the street,** far right, with furry heads and booted legs—Jacques Tiffeau's cobra-printed coat in olive-and-beige wool, zipped against the cold and corselet-belted over a short matching skirt and olive-y-beige-y ribbed turtleneck. A woolmark turnout, at Lord & Taylor; Rich's; Jacobson's, Michigan; Frost Bros.; Joseph Magnin. Halston Russian lynx hood. Belt by Elegant. Grandoe mittens. Boots: Saks Fifth Avenue. Hair combed by Franklyn Welsh.

Button up your overcoat,
let the wind blow free . . .

ALEXIS WALDECK

walk right out...

Seal up in black, left—gleaming black sealskin coat, boots of glove-y black suède—and snap it up with pattern: a piece of printed silk for your head, a huge leather shoulderbag binged with beads....Sidney Lambert coat, of black Fouke-dyed Alaska fur seal. Lord & Taylor, New York; Gartenhaus Furs. Headscarf by Echo. Bag by Knob Kerry. Ben Berger gloves. Battani boots. **Sunshine or cats-and-dogs,** right—the girl in the bright-brown vinyl coat walks on, slick to the quick. Ronald Amey's belted coat of Sormani stitched vinyl with (not shown) shirt and matching skirt. Turnout at Sara Fredericks; Blum's, Chicago; Marie Leavell. Hat by Malyard of London, at Saks Fifth Avenue. Michael Danyon choker. Aris gloves. Boots: Saks Fifth Avenue. **Stripes to go around in,** above, far right—brick and Burgundy reds on a wool knit shirtdress. By June Francis for Rona; about $75. Bonwit Teller; I. Magnin. Choker by Coro. Belt by Elegant. Boots: Beth's Bootery at Saks Fifth Avenue. **Up-the-down-stripe dress,** below, far right—a bash of bright ones in wool knit, yoked and banded in the other direction. By Frank Adams for Studio Six (Calvert knit); about $105. Bergdorf Goodman; Rich's; Jacobson's, Michigan; Joske's Houston. Cap by Ronald Kolodzie for Genesis. Ruza Creations armband. Casa Cuero bag. Rings: Corky and Sandy Smothers.

ALEXIS WALDECK





Put your little knit dresses under shin

vinyl... wrap them up in fur... wrap u

your head... boot up... warm up... go

RENAISSANCE REBORN

Villa dei Vescovi, brought from cinquecento to now by Conte and Contessa Olcese

PHOTOGRAPHS BY HORST
BY VALENTINE LAWFORD

Square as a fort, inviting as a pavilion, the Villa dei Vescovi uniquely exemplifies the transition between the mediaeval and the neoclassical conceptions of noble country life. Commanding a wide view of the countryside of the Veneto, with the pleasant health resort of Abano nestling among trees and gardens in the middle distance and the ancient university city of Padua rising out of the plain beyond, the house is wonderfully well placed. Built of brick relieved by stucco deceptively imitating massive stone, adorned with a sculpted Doric frieze of metopes and triglyphs, and approached by a finely proportioned sequence of stairs and terraces, the villa sits on its low green hill like a perfectly fitting pink and russet and white and grey cap: a model of interplay—concordance and contrast—between masonry and landscape. Bordered by arcaded loggias to east and west, it is a prime example of "architecture that breathes," one of the major rediscoveries of the country-house builders of the Italian Renaissance.

Arriving on a summer afternoon, a guest has the impression that the house and its inhabitants are spellbound or wrapped in sleep. A dark young man in a wide straw hat, leaning over the balustrade of the western loggia, continues to stare into space as the taxi draws up before the porticato immediately below where he stands. A golden-headed girl in blue, glimpsed pacing barefoot on a terrace, escapes so swiftly around a corner that she might have vanished into thin air. Feeling like an intruder into other people's dreams, one lugs a pair of suitcases up three ranges of alternating terraces and stairs. On the loggia at the top, a strikingly beautiful woman with long, brown-blond hair and features that seem to belong to a mask carved in wax rises from the depths of a gamboge vinyl armchair and comes slowly forward like a somnambulist, utters a few halting words of English, then subsides, with a grateful sigh, into less halting French.

Contessa Giuliana Olcese, for this is she, leads the way downstairs to a room where the deep-set windows admit just enough light to show that one is to sleep in an Italian-Edwardian iron bed, high and narrow as an early motorcar, shave by candlelight over a Renaissance marble cattle trough, and shower in a marble sitz bath draped with muslin veils. Reading one's thoughts, perhaps, Contessa Olcese murmurs: *C'est la chambre préferée de Luchino.* In other words, (Continued on page 167)



CONTESSA GIULIANA OLCESE,
right, *her luminous beauty caught by candlelight and by crepuscule filtering through windows in a Renaissance salon of Villa dei Vescovi. Especially ordered from Germany, the panes simulate Italian glass of the early sixteenth century when the villa was built for a Bishop of Padua by the great Veronese architect Giovanni Maria Falconetto. For the sofas, Contessa Olcese let linen fade in the sun until the colours echoed the muted trompe l'oeil.* Left: *On the western façade of the Villa dei Vescovi—Renaissance brick and stucco—a majestic double staircase, alternating with wide stone terraces, leads to the main floor. In the background, the Euganean Hills.*







AT THE OLCESE VILLA — FRESCOED WALLS, FRESCOES AL FRESCO

Barefooted on the capital of an ancient column, Contessa Olcese, above, on the east loggia of Villa dei Vescovi. The frescoes are grotesques, fantasies of vines entwining tall stalks, their tips adorned with figures of naked boys with dogs and snakes. In the large salon, left, a seventeenth-century Milanese chandelier of plaster that is lowered by a pulley to light the candles. Through the portals framed in Renaissance frescoes, a view of a painting by the contemporary American artist James McGarrell.

HORST

RENAISSANCE NOW

At the Villa dei Vescovi Contessa Olcese has caught an echo of early Renaissance, designing for a guest room, above, *pale beige transparent hangings to cage a bed mounted on a marbleized plinth.* Near right: *The guest book opened on its one-legged table fixed to the wall; for signers, a carved antique chair.* Opposite page: *Contessa Olcese, like a Mannerist madonna, at the window of one of the bathrooms she arranged with Renaissance marbles collected in various provinces of Italy. In this room, the basin (unseen) was converted from a Cinquecento cattle trough; the bath is fed by water spouting from a Palladian column.*

HORST



VOGUE'S OWN BOUTIQUE

OF SUGGESTIONS, FINDS, AND OBSERVATIONS

In New York—in America —Valentino arrives

He's here. Valentino's delicious, luxurious, all-woman boutique clothes are now going to be available across the States in the new Valentino boutiques. (These were photographed in Rome, but you could race right up to 801 Madison Avenue and find them now. . . .)



ELISABETTA CATALANO



1. *Marisa Berenson* in Valentino's idea of the "woman romantic" —soft, dolce, a drift of black organza embossed with gold rosebuds. . . . At the Valentino boutique, 801 Madison Avenue. . . .

2. *Valentino's swashbuckling romantic*—under a cape of black, creme double-face woolen, a skirt and shirt of border woven woolen —Valentino's favourite belt, a snakeskin serpent on leather. . . .

3. *Marisa Berenson,* the adorable, in her Valentino Boutique wardrobe—this Orientalia number of printed brilliant colour played against black chiffon. More Valentino boutiques at Nan Duskin; Martha, Florida; Neusteters; I. Magnin.

More on next page



VOGUE'S OWN BOUTIQUE *Continued*

In New York —in America— Valentino arrives

1. More Valentinos for his boutiques opening in this country. ***Marisa Berenson*** wearing his black knit zouave pants and zipcoat, a striped knit pullover . . . around her, Valentino name-emblazoned luggage. Luggage starts at $60. . . .

2. *Princess Marina Wolkonsky* in Valentino's witty way of fur-trimming a coat—a tawny fox border runs all around and lines the inside of a creamy white coat *printed* with whole foxes—paws, tails, and all. . . .

3. *Shiny V's*—the Valentino raincoat of lacquer-brown-and-white ciré, sashed in brown leather. Everything, Valentino Boutique, 801 Madison Avenue, N.Y.C. . . .





2

PATRICE CALMETTES

3



ELISABETTA CATALANO

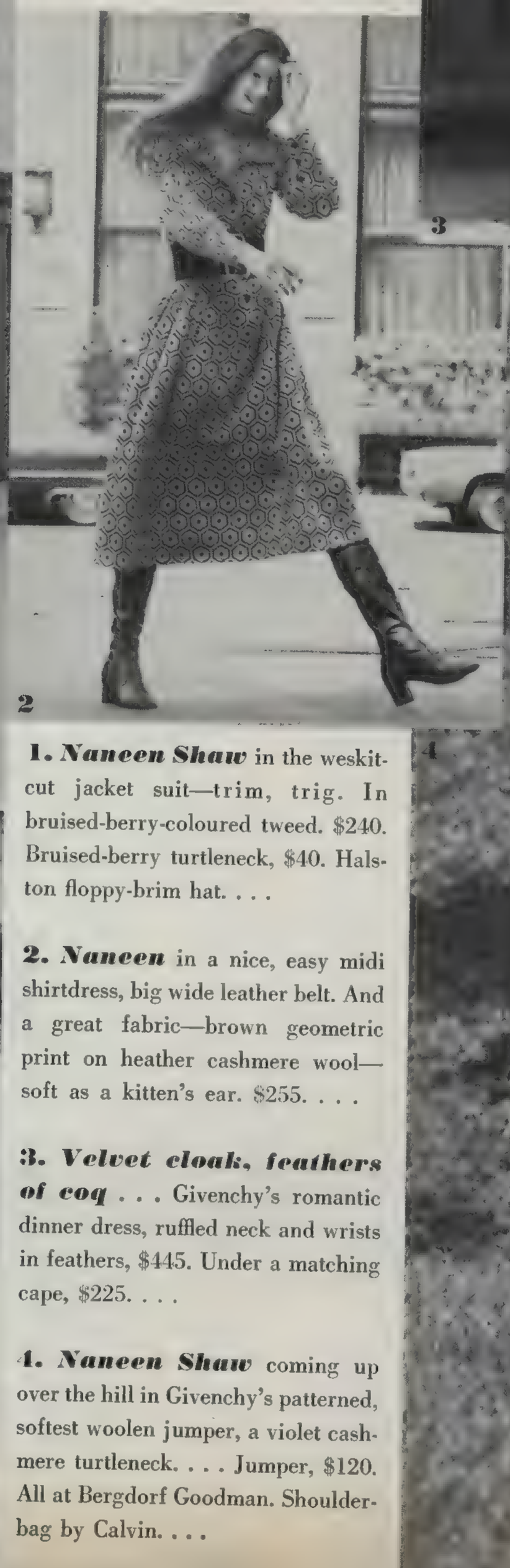
VOGUE'S OWN BOUTIQUE *Continued*

New York: the new Givenchys

Here come Givenchy's new boutique clothes for Bergdorf Goodman, lithe and limber of line, made of yummy fabrics. . . . And this season they're available in a lot of other stores across the country, too. . . .



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4

1. *Naneen Shaw* in the weskit-cut jacket suit—trim, trig. In bruised-berry-coloured tweed. $240. Bruised-berry turtleneck, $40. Halston floppy-brim hat. . . .

2. *Naneen* in a nice, easy midi shirtdress, big wide leather belt. And a great fabric—brown geometric print on heather cashmere wool—soft as a kitten's ear. $255. . . .

3. *Velvet cloak, feathers of coq* . . . Givenchy's romantic dinner dress, ruffled neck and wrists in feathers, $445. Under a matching cape, $225. . . .

4. *Naneen Shaw* coming up over the hill in Givenchy's patterned, softest woolen jumper, a violet cashmere turtleneck. . . . Jumper, $120. All at Bergdorf Goodman. Shoulder-bag by Calvin. . . .

JACK ROBINSON

DR. BARNARD

(Continued from page 125)

Louwtjie, said: "Our marriage was on the rocks before he did the transplant."

Even while he was travelling with his wife, it was not easy. On more than one occasion the focus of eyes and cameras on Dr. Barnard sent her back to the hotel, overwhelmed with a sense of insecurity, isolation—and defeat. In Iran, after meeting the Shah and his court, she threatened to leap from the hotel window. One can only feel overwhelming sympathy for a woman driven to such desperate ends. Also, one questions how much she is a creation of her husband—or the husband is her creation. Louwtjie Barnard's judgment oscillates between pity and rage.

Barnard's recent marriage, at forty-seven, to Barbara Zoellner, nineteen, daughter of a rich German industrialist in Johannesburg, further split public opinion in South Africa, creating a flood of jokes. Barnard minimizes the obvious dangers of a twenty-eight-year gap between himself and Barbara. "It isn't a question of years but of personalities, and we are very close."

Upon hearing this, an associate said: "Yes—but who's going to grow up first?"

Others agree that the problem does not consist in Christiaan Barnard's being too old but rather in Barbara's eventually becoming too old for him. On the other hand, Barbara is changing—indicating there is perhaps real need in his life not only for a lover but also for a companion and friend.

"People ask if success has changed me since the transplant. On major issues I think I am the same. But I have become less spontaneous, because no matter how I act, they jump me. If I try to keep my life private, I'm accused of being anti-social. If I let in photographers, they say I'm out for publicity.

"It's like we were once free to run in the fields or walk the streets. Now we can't run. We're in a camp all the time.

"I've always believed a man must be free to express himself, and if he makes a mistake, he is to blame. But now I'm being forced to express myself in the way other people want me to."

This was his tragedy. Chris Barnard had begun life hearing only the voices of his father and mother. Now there were others. As an inner-directed human being, he has been forced to obey the directions of others in an alienated world. The internal compass was being shaken.

The result has been described as "the smiling suicide of Dr. Barnard." For his United States travels, the surgeon is guided by a professional public-relations man—much to the astonishment of medical colleagues and social matrons. In Europe and South Africa, he uses a shifting battery of friends and well-wishers who run interference for him, write speeches, send cables, and handle social amenities.

There is no sick man or child, no desperate doctor whose letter to Chris Barnard has gone unanswered. Yet he seldom bothers to thank anyone for help, rarely sends flowers, and generally neglects most social niceties—just as he neglects to eat or take care of his own health. Even his gifts to Barbara have been selected by others, accepted with a nod, and then presented to his bride.

Either fearing the power of other voices or perhaps not wanting to reveal the loss of an earlier, inner self, Barnard concealed the truth of his love for Barbara from those nearest to him. One week before the official engagement party, his daughter, Deirdre Barnard, asked if it was true he loved Barbara and intended to marry her.

"Nonsense," said Barnard. "We're only friends and I like her father."

Deirdre learned of the engagement from newspaper headlines and began to cry in the street. Even today, Barnard is angry with the press for causing such public sorrow in his daughter—as though he were unaware she was crying because she felt betrayed by her father.

Two days before the marriage, Marius Barnard asked his brother: "Well, Chris, when will it be?"

"Nothing's fixed," replied Barnard, who invited none of his three brothers or old friends to his wedding in the house of Barbara Zoellner's parents in Johannesburg. Marius said: "Obviously, he's ashamed of us."

After the honeymoon (coupled to a hectic speaking tour through Europe to Beirut and twice to the United States), the Barnards returned to Cape Town where Dr. Barnard again resumed transplant research and routine surgery at the Groote Schuur Hospital. They are living in a small attractive flat at Clifton, a sea resort outside the city, until they find a larger home. They expect to have children soon.

Barnard's hands are somewhat swollen from chronic rheumatoid arthritis. He feels the disease has been arrested—at least for the time being—allowing him another five years of major surgery. In that time, he hopes doctors will learn to control biological rejection and so transplant pig and baboon hearts into human beings. He feels there is no end to his plans and projects, both on this earth and in space medicine.

Perhaps looking both within and beyond himself, he said: "We have so much to do and too little time to do it."

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Curtis Bill Pepper, a rake-y, high-geared American writer based in Rome, is, with Dr. Barnard, co-author of the recent Macmillan book,* Christiaan Barnard: One Life, *a split from Pepper's works on the Vatican,* The Pope's Backyard *and* An Artist and the Pope. *Formerly bureau chief for* Newsweek *in Rome, he lives there with his wife, the sculptor Beverly Pepper, in a vast sixteenth-century palace in the workers' section of Trastevere where he is now writing another book.*



GOING ON 200: THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM

BY BARBARA ROSE

At its Centennial, The Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York reminds one more than a little of Queen Victoria at her Diamond Jubilee: the overfed, overdressed, majestic sovereign of an empire of disparate dominions—the symbol of an old order besieged by forces chipping away at its monolithic power. The Museum, however, has an additional problem that the upholder of traditional values did not: Queen Victoria knew who she was and what she stood for, and acted accordingly. The Met, on the other hand, seems determined to reflect the confused cultural values of the present, to try to create hip young images while masking its firmly Establishment values behind popular *argot* and a cosmetic screen of gadgetry and showmanship.

A middle-aged woman with a face-lift and an address on Fifth Avenue, the Met dresses up from time to time in radical drag to make it with the masses. Obviously, such behaviour can please neither the social caste that rightly or wrongly decides Museum policy, nor its many critics, who are the natural political and cultural enemies of that privileged group. A confrontation between the two was not a problem during the tenure of the late James J. Rorimer. From 1955-66, while Rorimer was its director, the Metropolitan was one of the dullest, most inactive museums in the world. There was scarcely ever a travelling exhibition; the openings, if there were any, were stodgy, boring affairs. When you picked up *The New York Times*, the Metropolitan Museum was rarely in the headlines. All this changed, however, when Thomas P. F. Hoving became director in 1967. As, perhaps, the best Parks Commissioner New York City has ever had, Hoving had been the Museum's landlord. As its hyperactive director, he seemed determined to prove you could get as many people inside the Museum as you could accommodate outside in the park. Because of his resolve to bring Museum policy into line with the spirit of the electric 'sixties, many new programs were initiated. The education department became more active. Museum publications increased. The bookstore was modernized and enlarged. Most significantly, perhaps, the Metropolitan lent its seal of approval to contemporary art. The exhibition of Rosenquist's mammoth pseudo-mural, the *F-111*, and of Jules Olitski's mammoth pseudo-monumental painted sculpture generated much lively critical comment, even if it was mostly negative. Some travelling exhibitions and

A PROBLEM OF STYLE RATHER THAN CONTENT

a few small shows were installed as well. But most of the energy of the Museum staff was obviously directed toward planning the Centennial celebration.

Now the long prepared for Centennial year has occurred, with its super ambitious, super costly program, including four major and several corollary exhibitions. The time has come to evaluate the results of the enormous expenditure of money, energy, and time required to plan, organize, and publicize the architectural modernization of the Museum and the various Centennial exhibitions.

It is worth remarking that two of the Centennial exhibitions (three, if one counts the excellent graphics show organized by John J. McKendry, the curator of prints and photography) are devoted to American art. Interesting are the similarities linking the exhibitions of "New York Painting and Sculpture: 1940-1970" and "Nineteenth-Century America": Both contained many objects of great quality along with many objects of inferior quality, and both were installed with that kind of pompous spurious elegance that marks the pretentious bad taste of the upper middle class. Notably, neither exhibition attempted to provide any kind of coherent historical context. Instead, they presented without apologies as a principle of selection the taste of the curatorial staff. This is somewhat different from normal museum procedure, in which some semblance of responsibility—if only to the impersonality of chronology—is maintained. Such solipsistic practice would not be so disturbing if the curators had perfect taste (if, in fact, there is such a thing) and if the prestige of the Met were not so great as to immediately establish criteria of value, even if that value is only monetary.

In both exhibitions devoted to American art, one had the sense of visiting not a public museum but a private collection. The intention seemed to be to create an atmosphere of refinement and elegance, yet pretense and tastelessness emanated from every corner—from the red carpets to the red-taffeta wall hangings to the garden furniture in the Nineteenth-Century show, looking as *raffiné* as a page out of a Sears, Roebuck catalogue. This feeling that one was visiting a rich man's house as a voyeur rather than as a guest extended to the manner in which paintings and objects in the latter exhibition were installed as well. Sumptuously furnished rooms, reconstructed for the occasion, presented a one-sided picture of nineteenth-century America as a singularly upper-middle-class society, ignoring many other indigenous forms of expression.

Nothing could give a clearer indication of the Metropolitan's current position than this manner of presentation. The limitations of Thomas Hoving's democratic spirit were revealed with an unfortunate clarity: Never more obviously than the present has the Museum resembled a wealthy bourgeois establishment, to which the plebes are invited to have a look. The message is communicated implicitly—invite the masses over to see how the other half lives, but don't let them inside to wreck the furniture. Politically, this is the most dangerous message one could communicate; after all, it should be remembered that the peasants became violent only after they had been to Versailles and found out what was going on there. One need only to have observed one of the several confrontations between the black-tie crowds and the picket lines outside to question the purpose of such a year-long party given by the American Establishment by itself for itself. For that is what the Centennial amounts to in many respects—an extended celebration by the American Establishment of its own values, wealth and power. (Before Hoving plans another act of hubris, someone should take him to see *Viridiana.*)

Of course, any departure from tradition is bound to receive a certain amount of critical backlash. Anyone trying to tread a middle course in a moment of such extreme polarization as the present is going to be attacked from both the rear and the advance guard. Consequently, it is not surprising to find that Hoving's policies have drawn fire from a broad spectrum extending from some museum members, who think he is too far out, to the Art Workers Coalition, who see him as an Establishment tool. This is a difficult position for anyone to sustain. For a man as uncertain of his identity as Hoving, who can both talk about ecology and order the destruction of all the trees in front of the Museum, it must be unbearable. (The trees are being replaced and more set in elsewhere.)

Despite the rhetoric of change, very little about the Metropolitan Museum has changed with the times. The principal alteration appears to be one of style rather than of content. Really, the Metropolitan Museum remains precisely the institution it was when it was

founded. Only its style has changed. Instead of dusty academic, its image is mod; and its ambience instead of ivory-tower antique is jet-set moderne. Although the Metropolitan these days sets and responds to fashion, it continues to perform the same services it has traditionally performed and to serve the same public it has always served. Although the catastrophic 1969 "Harlem on My Mind" exhibition at the Met brought in Blacks who had never been through its doors, the day I waited an hour to see "The Year 1200" exhibition, I counted only three Blacks in line.

It is, of course, true that more people than ever bring their babies, pets, and mothers-in-law to the Museum, but one senses that many people are getting as little out of the experience as ever. This is something fairly easily proved by listening in to a few of the conversations of visitors to the Museum. If anyone who planned the Museum's current programs had taken the trouble to ask the public what they thought they were seeing and how they responded to it, they might have found out that most of its visitors regard the Metropolitan as a kind of super-Macy's, a department store of art, filled with valuable objects they can't afford to buy. They do not go to the Museum to experience anything at all, except perhaps the thrill of spending time as only the rich used to be able to: They go to the Museum to shop.

This attitude is very much the fault of the Museum, whose idea of art education appears to be mainly involved with merchandising. Borrowing all the familiar techniques of advertising, publicity, and propaganda, the Museum is essentially *selling* élite culture to a mass public. "Baby et up all his Spinoza," as F. Scott Fitzgerald said, appears to be Hoving's way of force-feeding élite culture to the masses, who find it as bewildering, foreign, and possibly as oppressive as ever. The soaring attendance figures at the Met do not really indicate that its spectators understand mediaeval or modern art any better; it is simply that the guilt complex they experience is so painful they are willing to accept the pretty colours and expensive gold and jewels as pretty and expensive.

The youngsters are a little harder to buy off. They are not so intimidated by works of art since they have followed Oscar Wilde's advice and are going around looking like them. In the spacious new galleries for contemporary American art, art groupies discuss the sexual prowess of this or that Pop Artist or colour abstractionist with a connoisseurship matched only by those inventive young ladies who immortalized the privates of the Rolling Stones by casting them in plaster.

It would appear then that the antidote to alienated work being offered the crowds jamming the Metropolitan is nothing more or less than alienated leisure. I find it incredible that those who plan the Museum's policies, members of a social class with values different from and often hostile to the range of social classes the Museum presumably wishes to address, do so without consulting those being addressed. There is, moreover, an even more crucial question: Who makes policy at the Museum? It is difficult to know precisely the extent of the power of the Board of Trustees, but it is certainly considerable if not total. If the right of the Board of Trustees to run the Museum is based on their owning it, then it should be pointed out that many who have no voice in determining policy also have a financial stake in the Museum. Because of its tax-exempt status, and because New York City contributes nearly one-quarter of the Met's annual operating budget, the Museum belongs, at least in part, to the people *because they are paying for it.* The Board of Trustees, however, does not have as a member anyone who makes art or culture, let alone a poor slob who just pays his taxes. The policies of the Met are passed on by businessmen and coupon clippers. The Board purchases art on the recommendations of the curators, which is sometimes rejected if it does not please the Board's taste. That independent scholars, critics, or artists have no say in policies or purchases is a scandal.

The image chosen by the Met to project at its Centennial, however, should warm the blood of any trustee. With its decision to centralize, to build additions to house the Lehman Collection, The Michael C. Rockefeller Collection of Primitive Art, and the Egyptian Temple of Dendur, the Metropolitan becomes the epitome of the encyclopaedic institution characteristic of late cultures, especially Imperial. The remodelled, monumental pseudo-classical façade, for example, is approached by a pompously tiered flight of steps that are as fatiguing as they are rhetorical. The refurbished Metropolitan Museum provides us at last with an American equivalent of the Louvre or the British Museum, a symbol of empire and of cultural maturity, if not even superiority. This is very comforting to Americans who have suffered so long from a cultural inferiority complex about European culture.

UNADULTERATED DISPLAY OF TREASURE

It is, I think, precisely to assuage this cultural inferiority complex that such prominence was given the exhibition of "New York Painting and Sculpture: 1940–1970," which inaugurated the Centennial program. To display the art of the New York School, European painting and sculpture galleries were symbolically shunted aside to smaller, more cramped spaces, and luxurious new quarters were constructed in keeping with the gigantic size of the works to house contemporary American art. Organized by Henry Geldzahler, the Museum's Curator of Contemporary Art, that exhibition has been the focus of fierce critical debate. This is natural since in dealing with the work of living artists one is involved with uncertain and uncertifiable values and with the vested interests of artists whose reputations are jeopardized by being excluded from such a taste-making and trend-setting exhibition.

Apologists for such artists have quarrelled with Geldzahler for leaving this one or that one in or out, which seems to me a petty issue. The real issue is Geldzahler's qualifications as a curator: That is to say, his taste, ability to select and install such an exhibition and to write a critical catalogue. On those points he does not score so well. Even if we assume that the Museum has no responsibility to construct a historical context—which was disastrously and glaringly absent—for such an exhibition, surely some arrangement more sensible than the hazardous hit-or-miss sense of unrelatedness one had going from room to room must have been possible. Presumably, the sole criterion for the exhibition was, by his own admission, Geldzahler's personal taste. If this was the case, then why did it have the "one from column A, one from column B" feeling of an exhibition selected by a committee? Insensitive juxtapositions, sculptures blocking off views of paintings, glaring lights on the Reinhardts making them impossible to see—these were but a few of the obvious flaws. The catalogue was a rehash of platitudes, served up without any attempt at critical analysis or focus.

In all fairness to Henry Geldzahler, this kind of exhibition is hard to do and easy to criticize. There are tremendous difficulties involved in getting works loaned. That Frankenthaler, Oldenburg, Morris, and Lichtenstein were all having retrospectives running concurrently with the Met show meant that the representation of their works was at best diminished and at worst calamitous. Instead of admitting that these works were not available, Geldzahler used inferior material to fill out an exhibition too full already. Similarly, great *quantities* of the works of Noland, Stella, and Louis, among others, were shown. It is hard to understand why the inferior works were included since they certainly weren't needed to establish the artist's style. How much more courageous it would have been to show the paintings of genuinely controversial painters like Agnes Martin or Darby Bannard than to have tried to please ev-

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MET MUSEUM

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eryone and end by really satisfying few while engendering a false controversy.

In spite of its drawbacks, the exhibition contained a lot of very fine recent American painting and sculpture. The Rothkos and Newmans were superb; there were fine paintings by Still and sculpture by Smith and Kelly. Olitski's glittering opalescent fields never looked so impressively dramatic. Indeed, the vast impersonal spaces of the new galleries set off to great advantage those painters but destroyed many more intimate artists such as Edward Hopper.

Although the exhibition established the high quality of postwar American art, it became quite clear that we are Rome, not Greece, in our relationship to European civilization, even if we may be the Sumer of the next culture. The real function of the show was not to give any indication of historical continuity or to introduce experimental work or new concepts, but to create a contemporary Salon. Its purpose was to reconcile what was recently the avant-garde to the venerable Establishment that the Metropolitan Museum represents.

This is not to take anything away from the quality of many of the works shown, since the Salon showed good as well as bad art. It is a moment when we need all the standards we can get, even if these standards exist only to be defied by more energetic younger artists. The academic tradition is not antithetical to great painting: It can even be argued that great painting can only develop in opposition to an academic situation. For this reason, the idea of an annual Salon at the Met is an appealing and timely prospect, although it would probably be more interesting if it were picked by established artists as the original Salons were in Paris.

The new galleries for the displaced European paintings were a major disaster, with all the disadvantages of nineteenth-century museums plus a few new ones caused by sensory overload and the population explosion. Pictures were "skied" above one another, which is apparently cheaper than storing them, and jammed together so closely it was almost impossible to focus on just one at a time. I tried, for example, to look at Carpaccio's profoundly moving "Meditation on the Passion" and found it was absolutely impossible to achieve the state of concentration necessary to see such a work while being elbowed by the passing crowd and subject to a conversational din that made Horn & Hardart at lunch hour seem restful.

Finally, what I have against the Met on its birthday is that it is no longer a place to look at paintings. The senses reel on being bombarded with masterpiece upon masterpiece. In the Great Hall an atrociously vulgar circular information stand apes the shape and location of the information booth at Grand Central Station. And that is what the Metropolitan Museum has become: The Grand Central Station of art history. The issue of whether so many people and so many objects should be in the same place at the same time is a real issue. There are many practical reasons to centralize the Met's collections, outside of Hoving's apparent delight in unadulterated display of treasure. Servicing costs are lower, arranging exhibitions is easier, staff costs are not duplicated.

If, however, ecology is something more than the name of a new boutique, then the Met is guilty of a crime against it. Added to the air and noise pollution caused by the traffic jams at the entrance and the psychological fallout associated with any crowd is the visual pollution of straining to perceive so many objects with insufficient space between them to allow them to be truly experienced. From a place to withdraw and find a moment's peace, the Museum has become a place exactly like the world outside its doors. Its exhibitions have as much variety as department-store window displays. Viewers walk around with speakers in their ears looking much like the legions of messenger boys listening to transistor radios in an attempt to escape the desperate reality of their lives. There is no water, no air, no stillness, no silence. There is nothing amusing or unexpected, spontaneous or informal. The Spanish Renaissance patio, so beautiful when it was empty, now is crammed with sculpture of a different period.

Fascinating as a document of American cultural history, the Centennial marks a significant change in the American consciousness: a two-hundred-year-old cultural inferiority complex has given way not to careful re-examination and scholarly debate but to an orgy of chauvinistic self-congratulation. Taken in toto, the Centennial activities constitute the most damaging group portrait possible of the American Establishment: tasteless, graceless, unimaginative, displaying its unsurpassed wealth in shop cases, aware of the need to serve the rising masses, but determined at all costs to convert them to its own tired values.

With all of the information and technology at its disposal, with all its capacity to marshal expertise—and the most successful and uniformly high quality show, "The Year 1200" was a triumph of expertise—this now firmly entrenched bureaucracy is incapable of creating a human situation in which quality can be experienced. In this event, the concept of quality itself is reduced to but another aspect of consumerism, and connoisseurship becomes not an indication of aesthetic discrimination but another mechanical technique to be mastered and applied in the service of consumerism.

The most depressing thought is that the present condition of the Met is avoidable. So much *could* be done. Paintings could travel in mobile units to the remote parts of the country where people have never seen a Sienese altarpiece. Informal discussion groups, which could be joined or left at will, could be set up in various places so that the public could actually participate and learn, through guided comparative judgments, to discern quality, to question values, instead of swallowing what is offered them even if they don't like how it tastes. Standardization could be counteracted in so many ways: A gallery could be permanently given over to the graduate students of Columbia University and to the Institute of Fine Arts of New York University. They would be responsible for initiating and arranging exhibitions under the guidance of their professors. The Museum could resurrect an important craft and technology program it long ago abandoned. The informational techniques used to such success in the Junior Museum could be employed throughout the Museum in many fresh ways. (For example, the liveliest exhibition from an educational point of view was that of the Italian frescoes in 1968 in which a technical demonstration was included.) Psychological studies could show various ways of truly humanizing the Museum and bringing it more into line with human needs instead of people processing. Of utmost priority, however, is the recognition that the public can no longer be treated as a passive homogeneous unit; for in fact, the Met's public is multiple and heterogeneous with many different and frequently opposing if not mutually conflicting needs. Because of this, a diversification of the type and treatment of exhibitions and activities is vital.

Grand, grander, grandiose. That about sums up the Metropolitan Museum's progress in the last century. At one hundred years, the Met is a supermuseum, a symbol of America's cultural and economic power as well as its taste for vulgar display as the parvenu of Western civilization. It lacks many qualities, most notably grace and imagination. For grace, one must continue to go to the Phillips Collection in Washington, D. C., the Isabella Stewart Gardner Museum in Boston, or the Frick Collection in New York. For imagination, one must look to the programs of men far less ambitious than Hoving or Geldzahler. Downtown in Manhattan at the Whitney Museum Art Resources Center, for example, David Hupert is running a "Seminars with Artists" program that makes the Whitney Museum of American Art genuinely a teaching insti-

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OLCESE VILLA

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Visconti has stayed here, and liked it.

The Villa dei Vescovi, an immense house by present standards, from twilight onwards magically expands. As the hour for dinner approaches, groups, tribes, processions of young men and women emerge from innumerable unsuspected rooms. Real life grows progressively more fictional and filmlike. Contessa Olcese's extraordinary good looks are even more extraordinary by candlelight. Her features still seem to have the impersonal perfection of a classical mask. But it is the function of masks to draw attention to the eyes they frame; and Giuliana Olcese's eyes are not only beautiful but revealing. They are Mediterranean eyes—Contessa Olcese is Neapolitan by birth—eyes chronically incapable of holding anything back. They search and doubt, inspect and suspect, appraise and hesitate to acquiesce in their own appraisal. Hearing her tell of the problems she faced and solved in refurnishing the villa, one realizes that far from being one of nature's somnambulists she is alert, painstaking, efficient, and up-to-date.

Six years ago Vittorio Olcese, who has an interest in the radical and polemical weekly *L'Espresso* of Milan, bought this villa in the hamlet of Luvigliano di Torreglia, on an eastern spur of the wooded Euganean Hills.

The purchase was no ordinary event. For the Villa dei Vescovi was one of the very first of the famous series of Northern Italian country houses designed by great architects of the Renaissance, and it had never previously belonged to a private citizen.

Begun in 1529 for Cardinal Pisani, Bishop of Padua, by Giovanni Maria Falconetto, the precursor of Palladio, it remained for more than four hundred years in the possession of the Paduan Bishopric: first as a princely summer residence of the Bishops, more recently as an orphanage, and ultimately as an abandoned ecclesiastical white elephant. By 1964, when the Vatican finally sanctioned the sale to Conte Olcese, the fabric of Falconetto's acknowledged masterpiece was in a state of dilapidation.

To rehabilitate such a recognized landmark in architectural history, to convert the wreck of a sixteenth-century palace into a house for twentieth-century use required not only considerable wealth but an exceptional combination of public spirit and personal fantasy, solid civic responsibility and romantic courage verging on foolhardiness.

For three years after Conte Olcese bought the villa, thirty workmen were continuously employed on its renovation. Thousands of new bricks were made locally, as the original bricks had been made: by hand. New panes for the windows were ordered from a factory in Germany, where glass is still produced that looks as glass looked in the sixteenth century: with a faint green tint and a finely cracked texture, like the first thin ice of winter on a pond. Wherever possible, the unashamedly pagan frescoes, which must have delighted the Renaissance Cardinal but which had evoked the pious vandalism of his successors, were painstakingly and expertly uncovered.

On the lowest of the three storeys, a rabbit warren of dark chambers used in the past to house the Bishops' servants and secretaries or for storing wine has been converted into a series of cool, if somewhat shadowy, guest rooms. Bathrooms have been installed, and other guest rooms have been built in the attics under the roof.

The Olceses made no attempt to reconstitute a rigorously accurate Renaissance interior. For one thing, Conte Olcese is a collector of contemporary art, and the long, bare, well-lit *salone* running from end to end of the principal floor provides an ideal gallery for the paintings of any epoch. For another thing, the kinds of furnishings a house such as this must once have contained are nowadays as good as impossible to come by. Travelling in search of suitable furniture, however, Conte and Contessa Olcese found and bought a remarkable number of sixteenth- and seventeenth- and early eighteenth-century pieces—North Italian or Umbrian or Flemish.

Though there is electricity in every room, at night the entire *piano nobile* is invariably candle lit. Gigantic wax candles, the size of small columns, stand in hunks of *rosso di Verona* that formed part of a red marble Renaissance wellhead, discovered in fragments by the Olceses when they took possession of the villa. A heavy seventeenth-century Milanese *gesso* chandelier with smaller candles lights the principal drawing room, and two similar chandeliers hang from the ceiling of the great dining room, above a multitude of candles in Venetian glass flagons on the banqueting table. Baroque Venetian lanterns light the staircase hall.

This is above all a house where the walls draw the eye. In several rooms, the remains of the Renaissance frescoes of naked deities, landscapes with ruins, and quasi-Pompeian still lifes seem more significant for being broken up by irregular spaces of blank plaster where the original fresco work was too badly damaged to be restored. (The bare patches are as mysteriously suggestive of a greater depth, an added dimension, as the white spaces left unpainted in a watercolour.)

In choosing materials for the interior of such a house, Contessa Olcese wisely restricted her choice to fabrics in a range of almost colourless colours. Her occasional tables have white cloths with a Renaissance design in all but imperceptible pale beige. Her gilded eighteenth-century furniture is shrouded in plain white *housses* with here and there a cushion of antique tapestry to relieve and point up her repeated use of monochrome. In the principal drawing room, the long, low, rectangular sofas, which she designed, are covered with a striped linen: pale grey, pale green, and pale pink. Characteristically, she left the linen lying out-of-doors for weeks in sun and rain to allow the pink stripes to fade to the exact shade of earthy pink of the marbleizing in the adjacent frescoes.

The *gesso* of the Milanese chandeliers has been stripped down to its austere underpainting of *osso di morto*. The frames of the doors and windows giving onto the two loggias have no more than a thin coat of underpaint: washed-out, dried-up, rustic Italian olive-green.

There are a number of objects of historic interest and high quality in the villa. But throughout the house are objects of far less value and less certain provenance—cloudy old glass jars and vases, wrought-iron candelabra, brass braziers, stone mortars, rush fans—that make as lasting an impression, in part because their functional beauty is left to speak for itself, receiving only the barest minimum of decorative support from a few gaunt arrangements of dried maize or pampas grass and some perfunctory bouquets of everyday garden flowers.

The villa also contains one or two conventionally appropriate paintings. But they are vastly outnumbered by the modern paintings from Conte Olcese's collection, including three magnificently sombre and sinister Francis Bacons.

The least to be said about this house is that it is quite unlike any house one has ever seen, let alone stayed in, before. After six years of Olcese ownership, the one-time pleasure gardens still consist largely of nondescript farmland. But four centuries ago the villa's creator, Cardinal Pisani, also took his time. In the 1560's, more than thirty years after he had commissioned Falconetto to start building, he was employing a host of other architects, including Andrea della Valle, to elaborate and embellish his original project.

Conte Olcese doubts whether any private citizen will be able to inhabit such a house as the Villa dei Vescovi five or ten years from now. But if he wishes, he can also recall how Cardinal Pisani himself—who spent over three decades and twelve thousand ducats on constructing the villa—passed only one night under its roof. Such are the perennial hazards—and, paradoxically, a part of the glory—of creating or recreatting beauty for beauty's sake.



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VOGUE'S READY BEAUTY

Belles are ringing

Since more and more women these days are finding themselves with less and less time to spend in purely self-indulgent pursuits, and since a woman's urge to self-indulge remains as strong as ever, a feminine dilemma presents itself. How to enjoy all the beauty-life delights when it's difficult to get to them? Solution—let them come to you. Not such a mind-bending trick when you consider the number of highly competent companies that will deliver beauty, readily, to you at home. Time saving, sybaritically satisfying—and all you have to do is dial. Fingertips, then, leading off with ***the ubiquitous Avon,*** who have captured the Bird of Paradise in a heavenly bath-and-fragrance line. Everything to clean, loll, and luxuriate in: Perfumed Soap, silky pink Beauty Dust talc, Cologne, moisturizing Cologne Fluff, and superduperest of all, B-of-P Cream Sachet to scent and smooth a body deliciously, at home or on the road. . . . ***Get Luzier's number***—Ultra Vie Toning Lotion is just one of their magical potions for keeping skin in trig condition—a post-cleansing, pre-makeup astringent that tones and tingles and clarifies. For morning refreshment, it's the skin's own orange juice. . . . A mix-up's exactly what's needed in makeup—to blend the occasion's precise complexion colour, due to sudden tan or a light switch. ***Vivian Woodard to the rescue,*** with your shade of SoRare Liquid Makeup plus SoRare Light and Dark Blenders for shade changes. You're the artist; play infinite variations on the basic shade, watch the bottle's life stretch on infinitely, too. The California-based Vivian Woodard people are wise in the ways of theatre, know the importance of makeup effects. Don't we all? . . . ***Vanda's wantable bag of tricks*** includes Soft Soft Bath Foam, a moisturizing body foam that effervesces forth with a pleasant snap-crackle-and-pop, rather like a certain top-o'-the-morning cereal. Nice way to start the day, with the skin-tingly, champagne-fizzy sound effects of this scented foam. . . . ***When Mary Kay calls, answer*** Lip and Eye Palette, please. A talk-about-compact compact cosily loaded with five cartridges of lip colour, five more of eye shadow, little mirror, and a pair of sable brushes. Each button-sized component snaps in and out, may be bought separately to continue a favourite. These are the people who discovered the felicitous s'kinship between tanning hides and improving complexions, tamed the same principles into a very good beauty program, and don't hesitate to gild the resultant lily. . . . So. Sit back and relax. The only way to collect all the beauty booty above is you-call-them, they-call-on-you. Let your fingers do the shopping.

MET MUSEUM

(Continued from page 166)

tution by bringing art-history graduate students together with leading artists.

In Washington, D. C., Walter Hopps invited Black artists who lived in the neighbourhood of the Gallery of Modern Art to create assemblage sculpture on the premises out of waste materials. In Los Angeles, Maurice Tuchman has won a hard-fought battle with trustees by risking his job to find out if our technology has anything to offer artists as a medium.

In the foreword to the catalogue of "The Year 1200" exhibition, Hoving wrote that "the idea hatched in my mind to have someday a distinguished, scholarly (and popular!) exhibition on the development and scope of Style 1200." Until I had experienced the reality of the new Met, I, too, believed this was possible. I now understand that the combination of the scholarly and the popular results in a situation in which the scholars can not see the objects and the masses can not read the catalogue.

Perhaps the real solution lies in realizing the limitations of the Museum and of the various people who run it and visit it. Everyone deserves access to élite culture, preferably in the neighbourhood where he normally lives, so that it is less threatening and foreign. I can imagine graduate students taking surplus art objects to grammar schools in Harlem to explain them, for example. Access to élite culture, however, does not mean everyone will aspire to devote the time necessary to understanding and experiencing what it has to offer. Many new forms far more suited to mass cultural experiences are being developed. There is no reason why the Metropolitan should not get involved with these new types of experience in an appropriate way. To design imaginative programs genuinely suited to people's needs is going to be very difficult, however, because the next one hundred years are going to be much rougher, in many ways, for an institution like the Met to survive in than were the first.



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